

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

IMPRESSIONS OF LAFAYETTE.

BY REV. NELSON BOUNDS, D. D.

THE first impression one receives on perusing the biography of this distinguished individual is, that he was a much more important agent in our Revolution than we had supposed. He was made so, in part, by his great wealth, his income being some \$24,000 per year. This would not have been so important a circumstance had not our finances been so exceedingly reduced. But when Government, in 1777, had not the means to give a passage across the Atlantic to a French Marquis who wished to aid us in the war, it was very convenient that he could purchase a ship for himself. He also from his own purse furnished his entire command, in the Virginia expedition, with hats, shoes, and tents, when Congress had neither money nor credit—a generous and timely largess which exerted a decided influence upon the issue of the war; for without these supplies how could the expedition have proceeded? and this failing, how could Cornwallis have been captured at Yorktown? His high rank and title were of advantage to us as an encouraging proof, in that darkest period of the Revolution, of the sympathy felt for us in important circles in Europe—a sympathy which we hoped would yet, under a substantial form, come to our relief and bear us through. Lafayette possessed military qualities of the first order; and the importance to our cause of his personal services is attested by his soldierly conduct at Barren Hill, at Brandywine, in the retreat from Rhode Island, and specially in the triumphant campaign in Virginia, to whose success no commander in the allied forces contributed more materially than this young but cautious and indefatigable chieftain. After his return to France, his appointment by the States General as Commander-in-Chief of the National

Guards, then numbering three millions of men—an appointment which was renewed in the Revolution of 1830—and his call to command one of the frontier armies under the direction of the Legislative Assembly in 1792, sufficiently indicate the high estimate placed upon his military talents by a nation of soldiers. But the crowning benefit which we received from the friendship of Lafayette was the influence he exerted in our favor at the Court of St. Cloud. For when permitted by Congress to return to France in 1779, by his great zeal and perseverance in our behalf, he succeeded in persuading that Government to send an army to assist the Americans, and also in getting from the same source a supply of money for the treasury of the United States; and after we, assisted by these subsidies, had gained the victory of Yorktown, and while the question of peace was under discussion at Paris, the successful efforts of Lafayette, both in France and Spain, further to awaken sympathy for our cause, and the fact that these Governments, at his instance, had actually ordered for the American service a joint expedition, to be commanded by the Marquis, of sixty ships-of-the-line and 24,000 troops, were of great consequence, no doubt, in hastening the treaty of peace, and inducing Great Britain to acknowledge our independence.

II. So manifold and great were the benefits growing out of his connection with our conflict for liberty, that we are justified—so it impresses the mind of the writer—in considering the Marquis de Lafayette, as we do Washington—a special instrument of Providence raised up to assist us in the struggle. This is seen, in part, from what has already been said. But further; the fact that one whose rank, fortune, education, and interest would so naturally have allied him to the splendid despotism under which he was born, should have chosen rather to identify himself with an obscure people in their contest for

freedom—the promptness with which the decision was made; for it was at a public dinner given by his Commanding General in the city of Metz to a British Duke, that the young Lafayette, then a captain in the garrison at that place, first heard that the American colonies had declared their independence; and before he rose from the table he had resolved to draw his sword in the cause of American liberty—his success in escaping from his country, though watched by both French and British vigilance—his timely arrival—his adaptedness to mediate and promote harmony between the French troops and our own, and also between the two nations—the universal enthusiasm with which he inspired his people and Government in our favor; so much so that the old Count Maurepas, Prime Minister of Louis XVI, declared that if Lafayette had asked that the palace of Versailles should be stripped to furnish funds for his dear America, the King would not have been able to refuse it—the divine care which enabled him safely to make the voyage four times, in our interest, across an ocean white with the sails of the enemy, shielded his life in battle, and crowned all his great endeavors for us, both here and in Europe, with success—these things, we say, mark him, to the thoughtful mind, as an agent originated for our good by the hand of God, and one without whom it is difficult to see how the liberties of our country could have been achieved.

III. Lafayette was a personage of great influence in Europe. Descended from one of the most ancient and eminent families of the French nobility, the success of his philanthropic and chivalrous career in America added much to the prestige of his name. Visiting Germany after his return from this country, he received marked expressions of honor from Frederick the Great. Spain admired his spirit of bold adventure, and had great confidence in his wisdom and worth. In his own country he had the respect of all parties whose respect was worth having, and retained it through all the strange vicissitudes of his times. Elected a member of the first assembly of the Estates General, he was chosen its President, but declined the honor. His subsequent appointment to the command of the National Guards was virtually placing the supreme power in his hands; for the National Guards were now the controlling power of the country. He always exercised that power in favor of moderation, humanity, and rational liberty; and had it been continued in his hands, the reign of terror had never been. The adoption of the Constitution, enacted in the *Champ de Mars* in 1790, was perhaps the most imposing spectacle Paris ever witnessed. Hero Lafayette, in the pres-

ence of half a million of people, took the oath to support that instrument, in the name and as the chosen representative of the whole nation. And the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne by the bloodless revolution of 1830—a monarch surrounded by republican institutions—was accomplished under the auspices of Lafayette, who, to the close of life, retained great moral influence as chief of the Constitutional party in Europe.

IV. The most prominent, perhaps the most commendable, trait in the character of this great and good man was his steadfastness. He was firm in his adherence to right principles. Consistency is to be respected even in those who are in error; but how much more so when one is in the right; and when, to maintain the right, he has to force his way through opposition, obloquy, and persecution! This reflects the greatest honor upon the individual, while it is vital to all the high interests of society. Such was Lafayette; and the eventful history of his times was adapted to bring out this characteristic in its strongest light. The French character is volatile; and probably there was never a nation given to political change like modern France. Look what mutations Lafayette witnessed during one generation! Born a little before the accession of Louis XVI, he saw an absolute monarchy give place to a republic; that republic quickly degenerated into the terrible reign of a bloody oligarchy, and this, in turn, retreat before a military despotism, upon whose ruins was again planted the Bourbon absolutism, only to be supplanted by the Constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe! And had he lived but a few years longer, he would have beheld the Government, like a repeating decimal, reascend to the dignity of a republic only to sink again into an iron despotism under another Napoleon. But through all these scenes of political commotion he continued the same uncompromising but rational advocate of constitutional liberty. There were many influences to turn him from his integrity; but he withstood them all. And as the rock in the sea stands firm, though beaten by wind and wave, so no reverses of fortune, no temptations of false friends, no cruelties of base though titled enemies, could move him from his purpose, early formed, to live and die the friend and protector of human rights. Thus in France, on his first return from America, though in the midst of processions, festivities, and acclamations in his honor, nothing could for a moment divert him from the interests of our country which he had come to promote. And in the prison of Olmutz, where he had lain some five years, when the Austrian negotiators attempted

to compel him to receive his freedom incumbered with conditions that would have trammeled his future efforts in the cause which lay nearest his heart, he peremptorily refused. In spite of wasting and protracted sufferings, his spirit was unbroken, and he informed them distinctly that he could never accept his liberation on any terms that would compromise his rights and duties as a Frenchman or an American citizen. With similar decision the old patriot rejected senatorship and the meretricious insignia of rank with which Bonaparte would have brought him over to the support of usurpation and irresponsible power. And when President Jefferson proposed—what was proper enough in itself—to appoint him Governor of Louisiana, then first acquired as a territory of the United States, Lafayette declined, assigning as a reason that he did not wish by leaving France to seem to desert the cause of constitutional freedom on the continent of Europe. In a Catholic country, he spent some years in efforts to ameliorate the condition of French Protestants. And in an age when emancipation was not popular, and indeed scarcely thought of, he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, liberated the slaves, and gave them an education, thus showing that he was half a century in advance of the spirit of his age, and setting an example which he hoped and intended should promote the abolition of slavery in the French colonies.

In the year 1824 the writer, then a stripling, enjoyed, in common with myriads of others, the pleasure of shaking hands with this patriot of two hemispheres on his last memorable visit to this country, and his desire in this sketch has been to contribute his mite in honor of one who suffered with our fathers for our sakes.

A MOTHER'S HYMN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE balmy breath of June is borne
Across the fields of springing corn,
And orchards white with bloom;
The low of herds, the drone of bees,
And bird-songs dropping through the trees,
Make music in the room.

O, golden head upon my breast!
O, tiny fingers, closely pressed
This happy hour in mine!
I little thought to hold you so,
To feel the south wind softly blow,
And Summer sunbeams shine.

When first they said, "The Spring is here,"
The words fell sadly on my ear;
I could not bear to know

That birds would sing and bees would hum,
But thy glad presence never come
To watch the daisies blow.

Through weary hours of bitter dread
We watched above thy little bed
With grief too deep for tears;
And hour by hour and day by day
We saw thy sweet life waste away,
Yet could not speak our fears.

The watchers, gliding to and fro,
With pitying eyes beheld our woe
That sought relief in prayer,
And said, "Before the break of day
The Lord will lead the child away
Beyond our earthly care."

We hid our faces from the sight;
How could we bear to think the light
So rosy fair would come,
The dewy morning steal along
To wake the earth with breeze and song,
And those dear lips be dumb.

Then sudden through the midnight gloom
The Master came, and all the room
With thoughts of peace was filled.
We saw him not; we only felt
A holy presence where we knelt,
And our wild grief was stilled.

Our souls grew strong to look above
And trust through all the tender love
That never wrought us ill;
Then with hushed hearts and trembling breath,
We watched to see if life or death
Would be the Master's will.

The white lids fluttered, and the eyes
Looked forth in troubled, sad surprise,
Grieved that the loved should weep.
The pale lips smiled, then over all
Dropped, as the evening shadows fall,
A tender, breathing sleep.

O, blessed hour! we thought to drain
Death's bitter draught of woe and pain
In anguish dark and dread;
Then lo! the cup by love divine
Was filled with life's most precious wine
And crowned with song instead.

O, Summer sunbeams! glide and play;
No tears are in my eyes to-day
Your golden light to see;
No church-yard grass is waving green,
No marbles coldly lie between
My baby's kiss and me.

NATURE MAN'S TEACHER.

NATURE is man's teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart;
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence.

SACRIFICE FOR COUNTRY.

BY EMILIE MOZART.

GONE! the last "good-by" said, the last fond embrace given and received! She had bid him "Godspeed," and the soldier was—gone. As the grim reality with its dark, shadowy surroundings rose before her, the girlish figure at the window flung herself upon her knees by the bedside, and with one low, heart-rending wail buried her face in the pillows. The slight frame shook and shivered as though the wind touched it roughly. Now a deep-drawn sob as of a grieved child came with a convulsive movement from the bowed figure, and the hands stretched longingly out, but emptiness was in the embrace.

The agonized wrestling of the burdened soul was unwitnessed, save by the eye of the compassionate Father. On his ear the broken murmurs fell, and his great heart of pity was waiting to apply the healing balm; waiting till the troubled waters should subside and the heart acknowledge the chastening hand of an all-wise God.

Now the broken words came as if each would burst the swelling heart. "George! dear, dear George! O, I can not bear it bravely! O, God—my God—his God—pity me! O, it is dark, so dark! I can not see my way. O, reach out thine hand, my Father, and guide me through the darkness! O, Christ, my Lord, and my God!"

Exhausted with weeping, the little figure kneeled still and motionless. Was there no help? none to raise up the crushed and bruised heart? Yes, there was help, and already the words of heavenly consolation fell upon the "sea of passions." "For he knoweth our frame. He remembereth we are but dust." "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have suffered awhile ye may inherit the promise; so let patience have its perfect work." The burden rolled away, the sobs ceased, but still the little figure kneeled in sad heart-communings.

Only six months a wife! It seemed a dream since George at her parent's grave had taken the lonely, friendless orphan and promised to be father, mother, husband, all. How happy the six months had been! She was so young, scarcely sixteen, and how patient George had been with her inexperience! Now the happy dream was past. She had felt the coming grief, and how she had prayed for strength to bear

it! Then when George had broached the subject, half playfully, to be sure, but that, perhaps, had been to try her strength, how resolutely she had said, "George, go; your country needs you, and God will take care of me!" But O, the bitter heart-ache, the bitter, bitter struggle, of which the exterior showed no sign! Then came days and nights of silent agony, till all was ready, and he had pressed his little wife to his heart, and they had parted, forever, perhaps, God only knew. But now she must be brave, and take up the burden of life again, all alone; God help her!

All was hurry and bustle this bright, frosty morning. The train must start in ten minutes to bear swiftly to the aid of the Government the new volunteers. Ah, many were the tears shed, the "God bless you's," and last "good-by's" said as the long line of cars passed quickly from view with its precious freight of human lives.

In one corner, his arms folded tightly over his bosom, his cap drawn down over his handsome face, sat the husband of the young girl in deep thought. He loved his country; he felt it his duty to be in her service. He had resolved firmly, undauntedly to perish in the cause of her liberties if need be, and yet, now in her hour of sore peril, why this unwillingness to leave all to sustain her, and why this drawing back from his manifest duty? A sad picture came up before him, and as he thought of it the face grew white, the eyes moist, and the strong man shook with uncontrolled emotion. Once more he clasped in his arms the loved figure, and felt the little head nestle on his shoulder. One lingering kiss, one long, clasping embrace, and a murmured "God keep you!" and he tore himself away, while the suffocating grief fell heavy upon his heart. Once he looked back to see the white face, with its tearless eyes, peering from the door. The expression was half-startled, and he thought, "Poor little birdie! she does not realize it, the sacrifice for country. O, is it required?" But the man was brave, and thrust aside all repining thoughts, sending only voiceless petitions to that God who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and soon a great calm came over his spirit, for to that God he had intrusted his loved one. O, my country, how many heart-sacrifices are laid upon thine altar of which history will make no record!

Time sped swiftly along, bringing to our soldier toilsome marches, long, weary days in camp, cold, damp, chill nights of picket duty, and the fearful engagement. Courageously, un-

complainingly he bore it all for the sake of his loved country; and the cheerful letters to the little anxiously-waiting wife at home spoke not of the harrowing sights that made his blood run cold, or his own narrow escapes from death. The time passed hopefully to both, till the news of the bloody struggle of Antietam sent a chill to the heart of the nation. Then came sorrow to the soldier's wife. A letter directed in strange handwriting was brought to her. At the first words her heart bounded lightly, but then stood still with sudden despair:

My own Dear Wife.—The three days' struggle is over, and I am unharmed through God's mercy. Many I loved have fallen, but God has spared me to you. . . .

Then in another hand was written:

George Howe fell from the deliberate aim of a rebel sharp-shooter while engaged in bearing from the field a wounded companion. I was near him when he fell, and caught his last words—"To thee, O God, I commend my spirit." The above few lines I found in his breast pocket, and forward to you.

HIS COMRADE IN ARMS.

Only a private! So the body of the young soldier, mangled with gaping wounds, was wrapped in his cloak and buried by his fellow-soldiers among the unmarked graves of the battle-field without pomp or ceremony, without even a prayer; but from many a rough heart came a word of praise of the soldier, and from eyes unused to weep fell tears upon the beautiful face, cold, so cold and still in death.

And thus the young life ended, sacrificed to the cause of the country he loved; but the soul, the immortal soul of the young hero was at peace with God. Upon the young wife the shock fell heavily. A long illness followed, and when at last God raised her from her sick-bed it seemed as though years had been added to her age. Her face, once radiant and beaming with smiles, telling of a buoyant, happy heart, was now white and tearful; the bright, cheerful manner was subdued into a quiet gentleness; the brisk step had flagged, and now and then the quiver of the lips told of the gnawing pain at the heart-strings. No complaining word fell from the pale lips, for she had taken her sorrow to the Mighty One, and he had given her strength to bear all and endure all his hand saw meet to appoint, even unto the end. Her earnest, tearful pleading, "Lord, teach me what thou wilt have me to do," had not been in vain. Though all the bright, happy gayety of tone and manner was gone, and she seemed but a wreck of her former beautiful being, yet pure Christian faith shone in all her actions, and the true woman rose above all her suffer-

ing and trial. Now, with heart and hands ever ready and willing for every good cause, she meekly worked her Father's will, visiting the "poor and fatherless," breathing words of hope, and encouragement, and consolation to the suffering around her, and many there were that watched eagerly for the coming of the "little lady."

"Not for naught
Had sorrowing, suffering, pain, and thought
Their long, still work of preparation wrought."

Months passed, and to outward appearance Mrs. Howe was happy in her life-labors, but those that loved her marked a change. Her energy and vigor, her life, had been ebbing away with the inward wound, and now they knew it could not be long ere the happy release she had waited for so patiently, but so longingly, would come. Often they found her with the letters of the lost one clasped in her hands, and her dry, tearless eyes fixed with strained gaze upon his miniature. A little while longer she lingered, patiently, enduringly, daily growing weaker and weaker, till she peacefully sank into the waiting arms of her Savior, while the great anguish was lifted from her heart amid the joy and bliss of an eternal reunion.

O, cruel war! another victim added to thy record; for had not she, who so bravely "had girded her husband's sword," and with cheering words sent him to battle for his country,

"When no one but her secret God
Could know the pain that weighed upon her,
Shed holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor?"

How many such sad histories have swelled the list of sacrifices in this war! How many hearts and homes have been desolated! How many joyous hopes and bright prospects blasted! As we think of the great wave of woe and misery surging over the land, we could cry out in very bitterness of heart, "O, God! how long, how long?"

But hush, troubled soul, thy selfish repinings; for would we not rather, ay, a thousand times rather, that the blood of America's true sons should make sacred the soil of rebellious States, and their bones be scattered from "New England to Georgia"—rather that hearts be rent with grief as they yield up their choicest treasures—rather that gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, that noble, manly sons come not again—rather even the shrieks, the moans, the wounds, the death-agonies of the battle-field, than that our glorious cause, liberty and union, should be lost!

O, countrymen! countrywomen! let us vow anew, with God as our helper, to defend and perpetuate at the price of all we hold dear—home, loved ones, life even—the “unity of our country and the integrity of the Republic.”

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATED FROM ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. B. F. CHARY, D. D.

NAPOLEON ON THE ISLE OF ELBE.

NAPOLEON was King of the Isle of Elbe. In losing the empire of the world he had not wished at first to preserve any part of it except his misfortunes. “Three francs a day and a horse,” said he, “is all that is necessary for me.” At last, impelled by the entreaties of those who surrounded him, when he could have taken Italy, Tuscany, or Corsica, he had cast his eyes on the little corner of the earth where we now find him.

But in neglecting his own interests he had long contended for the rights of those who accompanied him. These were at first Generals Bertrand and Dronot, the one Grand Marshal of the palace, the other Aidcamp of the Emperor; also General Cambronne, Major of the 1st Regiment of Chasseurs of the Guard, Baron Jermanowski, Major of the Polish Lancers, Chevalier Malet, the Captains of artillery, Cornuel and Raoul, the Captains of infantry, Loubers, Lamourette, Hareau, and Combi; finally the Captains of the Polish Lancers, Balinski and Schoultz. These officers commanded four hundred men taken from the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Old Guard, who had obtained permission to accompany their ancient Emperor in exile. In case of a return to France Napoleon had stipulated for them the preservation of their rights as citizens.

It was the 3d of May, 1814, at six o'clock in the evening, that the frigate, The Undaunted, anchored in the roadstead of Porto-Ferrajo. General Dalesme, who still remained in command under France, immediately went on board to pay to Napoleon respectful homage. Count Dronot, appointed Governor of the Isle, went on shore to assume the duties of his office and to take possession of the forts of Porto-Ferrajo. Baron Jermanowski, named commandant of the forces of the place, accompanied him, and also Chevalier Baillou, Quarter-Master of the palace, to prepare lodgings for his Majesty. On the same evening all the authorities, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants went in deputations on

board the frigate, and were admitted into the presence of the Emperor. The next day, the 4th, in the morning, a detachment of troops bore into the city the new flag which the Emperor had adopted, and which was that of the isle, that is to say, of silver ground with a red band and three golden bees in the band. It was immediately hoisted on Fort l' Etoile in the midst of salvos of artillery; the English frigate saluted it in its turn, and was followed by all the vessels in the port.

About two o'clock Napoleon went on shore with all his suite. The moment he placed his feet on land he was saluted by a hundred and one rounds of artillery from the forts, to which the English frigate responded by twenty-four rounds, and by the cries and hurrahs of its whole crew. The Emperor wore the uniform of Colonel of the mounted Chasseurs of the Guard; he had substituted on his *chapeau* the red and white cockade of the island for the tricolor cockade. Before entering the city he was received by the authorities, the clergy, and the notables, preceded by the Mayor, who presented to him the keys of Porto-Ferrajo on a silver plate. The troops of the garrison were all under arms and formed in line; behind them were crowded the entire population, not only of the capital, but of other cities and villages, who had gathered from all parts of the isle. They could scarcely believe that they had for their king, they, poor fishermen, the man whose power, name, and exploits had filled the world. As to Napoleon, he was calm, affable, and almost gay.

After having responded to the Mayor, he proceeded to the cathedral with his cortége, where the *Te Deum* was chanted; then, departing from the church, he went to the Hotel de la Mairie, provisionally destined for his residence. On that evening the city and the port were spontaneously illuminated.

General Dalesme published the same day the following proclamation drawn up by Napoleon:

PEOPLE OF THE ISLE OF ELBE.—Human vicissitudes have brought to your shores the Emperor Napoleon; his own choice makes him your sovereign. Having entered into your walls, your new monarch addresses to me these words, which I hasten to make known to you, for they are the pledge of your future happiness.

The Emperor has said to me, “General, I have sacrificed my rights to the interest of my country, and have only reserved to myself the sovereignty and the proprietorship of the Isle of Elbe. All the powers have consented to this arrangement. In making known to the inhabitants this state of things, tell them that I have chosen this isle for my residence on account of the mildness of their manners and of their climate; assure

them that they will be the constant object of my interest and of my life."

Elbans, these words need no comment; they form your destiny. The Emperor has judged you well. I owe it to you to bear to you that judgment, and I will perform my obligations. Citizens of the Isle of Elbe, I shall go away from you immediately, and that separation will be painful to me; but the idea of your happiness will sweeten the bitterness of my departure, and in whatever place I may be I will always preserve the remembrance of the virtues of the inhabitants of the Isle of Elbe.

DALESME.

The four hundred Grenadiers arrived on the 26th of May; on the 28th General Dalesme departed with the old garrison. The island was entirely delivered up to its new sovereign. Napoleon could not remain long inactive. After having necessarily consecrated the first days to the labors of his installation he mounted his horse on the 18th of May and visited the entire island. He wished to assure himself personally of the state of agriculture and concerning the products, more or less certain of the island, of commerce, fisheries, and the extraction of marble and metals; he visited carefully every part, especially the quarries and the mines, which are the principal sources of wealth.

On his return to Porto-Ferrajo, after having seen every thing even to the last village, and having given to the people every-where proofs of his solicitude, he occupied himself in organizing his court and of applying the public revenues to the most pressing necessities. These revenues were composed of iron mines, of which they realized a million francs per annum; mackerel fisheries, which yielded about four or five hundred thousand francs; salt works, the working of which was granted to a society, produced about the same amount; finally, the land-tax and the income from duties. All the products, united with the two millions which he had reserved to himself, would give him almost four millions and a half of revenue. Napoleon often said that he never was so rich.

He had left the Hotel de Mairie for a pretty private residence, which he pompously named his city palace. The house was situated on a rock between Fort Falcone and Fort l'Etoile in a bastion called Le Bastion des Moulins. It consisted of two pavilions and a main building which united them. Of the windows some overlooked the city and the port lying beneath them in such a way that no new object could escape the eye of the master.

As to his country palace, it was situated at San-Martino. Before his arrival it was only a cottage, which he had reconstructed and furnished with taste. As to this, the Emperor never slept there; it was one end of his prom-

enade, that was all. Situated at the front of a very high mountain, washed by a rapid stream, environed by a meadow, it overlooked the city, placed in an amphitheater before it; at the feet of the city the harbor, and in the horizon, across the vaporous surface of the sea, the shores of Tuscany.

At the end of six weeks the Emperor's mother arrived at the Isle of Elbe, and some days after the Princess Pauline. The latter had rejoined the Emperor at Frejus, and had wished to embark with him, but she was suffering so much then that the doctor would not consent to it. The English captain had then engaged to take the Princess on a day agreed upon; that day passed, and the frigate not appearing, the Princess profited by the coming of a Neapolitan ship to make her voyage. On this first voyage she only remained two days and departed for Naples; but on the 1st of November the brig Inconstant brought her back again, no more to leave the Emperor.

One can comprehend that in falling from activity so great to repose so absolute Napoleon was under the necessity of creating regular occupations. Soon all of his hours were employed. He rose at daylight, shut himself up in his library, and worked on his military memoirs till eight o'clock in the morning; then he went out to inspect the works in progress, stopped to interrogate the workmen, who were almost all the soldiers of the guard; he made about eleven o'clock a very frugal breakfast; in the heat of the day, when he had taken a long walk, or had done much work, he slept after breakfast an hour or two, and went out again habitually at three o'clock, either on horseback or in a carriage, accompanied by the Grand Marshal, Bertrand, and by General Dronot, who in these excursions never left him; on the route he listened to all complaints which were addressed to him, and never left any one without having satisfied him. At seven o'clock he returned, dined with his sister, who lived in the first story of his city palace, admitted to his table sometimes the Intendent of the isle, M. de Balbiani, sometimes the Chamberlain Vantini, sometimes the Mayor of Porto-Ferrajo, sometimes the Colonel of the National Guards; finally, occasionally the Mayors of Porto-Langone and of Rio. In the evening he rode out with Pauline. His mother lived in a house by herself, one which the Chamberlain Vantini had assigned to her.

In the mean time the Isle of Elbe became the rendezvous of all the curious in Europe, and soon the influx of strangers was so great that they were obliged to take measures to avoid

the disorders inseparable from the union of so many unknown persons, among whom was a considerable number of adventurers seeking fortunes. The products of the soil were insufficient, and it was necessary to procure supplies on the continent. The commerce of Porto-Ferrajo increased, and that ameliorated the condition of things generally. Thus in his exile even the presence of Napoleon was a source of prosperity for the country which possessed him. His influence extended even to the lowest classes of society; a new atmosphere enveloped the island.

Among the foreigners the most numerous were the English; they appeared to attach the greatest value to seeing and hearing him. On his part Napoleon received them with kindness. Lord Bentinck, Lord Douglas, and many others of the high aristocracy bore back to England a precious remembrance of the manner in which they had been received. Of all the visits which the Emperor received the most agreeable were those of a great number of officers of all nations, Italians, French, Poles, Germans, who came to offer him their services. He replied to them that he had neither places nor honors to give them. "Well," said they, "we will serve you as soldiers." And almost always he incorporated them among his grenadiers. This devotion to his name flattered him more than all else.

The fifteenth of August came; it was the *fête de l'Empereur*; it was celebrated with transports difficult to describe, and it would be a spectacle entirely new to him, accustomed as he was to official entertainments. The city gave a ball to the Emperor and the guard; a vast tent elegantly ornamented was constructed on the grand square, and Napoleon ordered that it should be left open on all sides so that the entire people could take part in the festival. The interest he took in all the improvements made was incredible. Two architects from Italy, MM. Bargini, a Roman, and Bettarini, a Tuscan, drew plans for works which were ordered; but almost always the Emperor changed the drawing to suit his own ideas, and became the sole creator and real architect. Thus he changed the plans for many of the roads commenced; he sought a fountain, the water of which seemed to him of better quality than that which they drank at Porto-Ferrajo, and conducted the stream to the city.

Although he probably followed European events with eagle look, Napoleon seemed entirely submissive to his fortune. No person doubted that with time he would habituate himself to this new life, surrounded as he was by the love of all those who approached him, when the

allied sovereigns undertook to awake the lion which, after all, perhaps, was not asleep.

Napoleon had lived many months already in his little empire, occupying himself with embellishing it with all the means which his ardent and inventive genius could suggest, when he learned secretly that they had been debating his banishment to some more distant place. France, through her representative, M. de Talleyrand, sustained that measure with much warmth at the Congress of Vienna, showing that it was indispensable to her safety, representing unceasingly how dangerous it was to the reigning dynasty that Napoleon should reside so near the coast of Italy and Provence. It was generally remarked in the Congress that if the illustrious prisoner should leave his exile he could pass in four days to Naples, and from there, by the aid of his brother-in-law, Murat, who reigned there, could descend at the head of an army into the provinces of Upper Italy, already discontented, which would rise at the first appeal, and renew thus the mortal struggle which had scarcely terminated.

In order to justify this violation of the treaty of Fontainbleau, they argued that the correspondence of General Excelmans with the King of Naples, which had been seized, developed a flagrant conspiracy whose center was at the Isle of Elbe, and whose ramifications extended to Italy and France. These suspicions were soon confirmed by another conspiracy, which was discovered at Milan, and which involved many general officers of the old Italian army.

Austria saw no more with a tranquil eye this dangerous neighbor. The Augsburg Gazette, her organ, explained besides plainly in this regard. One might read there literally these words: "Notwithstanding the disquiet at Milan, one ought to be tranquil in remembering that it will contribute to the removal to as distant a point as possible of the man who on the rock of the Isle of Elbe holds in his hands the threads of this well-planned woof, bought by his gold, and who, as long as he remains in proximity to the coast of Italy, will not leave the sovereigns of these States tranquilly to enjoy their possessions."

Meantime, the Congress, despite the general conviction, did not dare on proof so feeble to come to any determination which would be a manifest contradiction of the principles of moderation so fastidiously published by the allied sovereigns. It decided that they would make overtures to Napoleon, and that they would attempt to persuade him to leave voluntarily the Isle of Elbe, so as to seem not to violate

the existing treaties, but in case he should refuse their propositions they would employ violence. The choice of another residence then immediately occupied their attention. Malta was designated, but England saw in that some inconveniences; from a prisoner Napoleon would be enabled to become Grand Master. She proposed St. Helena.

The first idea of Napoleon was that these reports were spread by his enemies themselves in order to lead him to some act of despair which would permit them to violate openly their plighted faith. In consequence of this he sent immediately to Vienna an agent, discreet, adroit, and faithful, with instructions to discover what confidence was to be placed in the reports which had reached him. That agent was recommended to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, who, being then at Vienna, and intimate with the Emperor Alexander, would be able to find out what was passing in the Congress. The agent soon procured all the necessary information and conveyed to the Emperor. He also organized a correspondence, active and sure, by the aid of which Napoleon would be informed of every thing which transpired. Besides that correspondence with Vienna, Napoleon had kept up his communications with Paris, and every mail that arrived indicated to him a powerful reaction against the Bourbons.

It was then, thrown as he was in that doubtful position, that the first idea of that gigantic project came to him, which he immediately put in execution. Napoleon did in France what he had done in Vienna. He sent emissaries furnished with secret instructions in order to assure himself more positively of the truth, and to connect himself, if possible, in counsel with those friends who remained devoted to him, and with those chiefs in the army who, being maltreated, were discontented. These emissaries on their return confirmed the truth of the news to which Napoleon dared not give credence. They gave him at the same time the assurance that a silent fermentation was moving the people and the army; that all the discontented, and the number was immense, turned their eyes toward him and implored his return; in fine, that an explosion was inevitable, and that it was impossible for the Bourbons to struggle much longer against the animadversions which the mismanagement and want of foresight in their Government had raised.

There was then no more doubt; on the one side was peril, on the other hope—an eternal prison on a rock in mid-ocean, or the empire of the world. Napoleon took his resolution with the usual rapidity. In less than eight

days every thing was decided in his own mind. He was only exercised in devising means for so great an enterprise without awakening the suspicions of the English Commissioner, charged with the duty of coming from time to time to visit the Isle of Elbe, and under whose indirect surveillance they had placed all the movements of the Ex-Emperor. That Commissioner was Colonel Campbell, who had accompanied the Emperor when he came to the island. He had at his disposition an English frigate, with which he went incessantly from Porto-Ferrajo to Genoa, from Genoa to Livourne, and from Livourne to Porto-Ferrajo. His stay at the latter point was ordinarily twenty days, during which the Colonel went ashore and made, in appearance, his court to Napoleon. It was necessary to deceive the secret agents who might be found in the island, and to turn away the instinctive and clairvoyant sagacity of the inhabitants; in a word, to cover up his intentions entirely.

To do this Napoleon would continue with activity the works commenced; he caused to be surveyed many new roads, which he proposed to establish in every direction across and around the island. He put in good repair for a wagon-road the highway from Porto-Ferrajo to Porto-Langone, and as the trees were very rare in the island, he brought from the continent a great number of mulberry-trees, which he planted on each side of the road. Then he busied himself in building his little house at San-Martino, the work on which had ceased. He brought from Italy statues and vases, brought there orange-trees and rare plants; indeed, it seemed as though he was giving it his entire care as a residence he intended to occupy a long time.

At Porto-Ferrajo he demolished the old buildings which surrounded his palace and a structure which served as a lodging-place for his officers, even to the top of a terrace, whose dimensions were augmented in such a manner as to make a parade-ground, where one could pass in review two battalions. An old, abandoned church was given to the people for a theater, to which he would bring the best actors of Italy. All the streets were repaired. The passage *de terre* was not practicable except for mules; he enlarged it by means of a terrace, so that the route became easy for all sorts of carriages.

During this time, and to give more facility still for the execution of his project, he caused the brig *Inconstant*, which he had reserved to himself as his own property, and the bark *l'Etoile*, which he had bought, to make frequent

voyages to Genoa, Livourne, Naples, the coast of Barbary, and even to France, in order to habituate English and French cruisers to the sight. In fact, these ships went constantly in every direction, and entered the ports of the Mediterranean under the Elban flag without exciting any disquietude. It was that which Napoleon wished. Then he occupied himself seriously with the preparations for his departure. In the night, and with the greatest secrecy, he had a great quantity of arms and ammunition placed on board the *Inconstant*; he clothed his guard anew, supplying them with shirts and socks; he recalled the Poles who were detached at Porto-Longone and in the little island of Pianosa, where they guarded the fort; he hastened the organization and the instruction of a battalion of *Chasseurs*, which he formed of men recruited only in Corsica and Italy. Finally, on the first of February every thing was ready to profit by the first favorable occasion which would bring the news that they expected him in France.

This news came at last; a Colonel of the old army was the bearer; he departed almost immediately for Naples. Unhappily Colonel Campbell and his frigate were at that moment in port. It was necessary, without the least mark of impatience, to wait the accustomed period of his stay, and to listen to his usual civilities. At last, in the afternoon of the 24th of February, he asked the privilege of presenting his homage to the Emperor; he took leave of him, asking for his messages to Livourne. Napoleon accompanied him to the door, and the gentlemen in attendance were able to hear his last words—"Adieu, Colonel, I wish you a good voyage and safe return."

Scarcely had the Colonel gone before he called the Grand Marshal; he passed part of the day and night shut up with him; lay down at three o'clock in the morning and rose at daylight. The lion springs from his lair, and the world will soon tremble at his tread.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

SOME have been so wedded to their riches that they have used all the means they could to take them with them. *Athenaeus* reported of one that at the hour of his death he devoured many pieces of gold, and sewed the rest in his coat, commanding that they should be all buried with him. *Hermocrates*, being loth that any man should enjoy his goods after him, made himself by his will heir of his own goods.

TO MY SOLDIER BOY.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

Good-bye, my son! Thou art going now,
With Hope's fair rainbow around thy brow;
With thy blue eye lit with a thought of fame;
And thy spirit burning to win a name;
With patriot fires in thy brave young breast,
And a yearning that will not let thee rest;
With the goal already in prospect won—
May God be thy helper! good-by, my son!

Good-by, my child! Was it I, was it I
Who let thee go forward, perhaps to die?
How strange it seems that a mother's pride
Can so far conquer affection's tide!
O, but for this what a flood of fears
Had checked this flight of thy fifteen years—
Had made my brain and my spirit wild—
To see thee go; yet good-by, my child!

Good-by, my boy! In the ranks of men
Thou wilt stand when I gaze on thy face again;
Thou wilt ken hard lessons the world hath taught;
Thou wilt value home as a loved one ought;
Thou wilt backward gaze with swimming eyes
On thy childhood's days as on Paradise,
And wilt meet us all with a gush of joy
A world could not purchase—good-by, my boy!

Good-by, my love! When the Winter time
Shall cover our earth with a frosty rime—
When the twilight gathers around thy tent,
And thy lonely thoughts in thy soul are pent,
Remember that never one willful smart
Thy deeds have brought to a mother's heart;
That the dutiful son, by the God above,
Will be blessed and sheltered—good-by, my love!

Good-by, my brave one, my soldier boy!
Thy absence will shadow a bright home-joy;
Yet it stirred the blood in my mother-heart
To hear thee pleading to bear thy part
In thy country's struggle. A boy so young,
Whose heart is yet with Spring's dew-drops strung,
To dare the battle-shock and the grave—
O, shield him, my Father—good-by, my brave!

Good-by for a while. I shall ever pray
That Heaven may guard thee by night and day;
That He who has given me patriot sons
May lead their footsteps from vicious ones,
And may bring them back to the old home-light
With souls as pure and with eyes as bright,
To illumine my heart with the olden smile;
God bless thee, my boy, and good-by for a while.

FOLLY AND INNOCENCE.

FOLLY and Innocence are so alike,
The difference, though essential, fails to strike;
Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare,
A simpering countenance, and a trifling air;
But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us by engaging our respect.—*Couper*.

JOHN LOCKE AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN every department of science a few names stand out, like milestones, set up along the ages, to mark the progress of human knowledge. Since the days of Aristotle and Plato no individual has swayed a wider influence in the philosophy of mind, or contributed more largely to its development, than John Locke. We may dissent from his method, from the sensualism of his system, and from the many minor errors that are apparent in his philosophy; but we would not detract the least measure from the great and essential service he has rendered to philosophy. The pioneer will do many things roughly, imperfectly, and even to great disadvantage; but he is the beginning of a new life, and his sturdy labors are the harbinger of a higher and better civilization. This service, at least, John Locke has achieved for modern metaphysical science. Our intelligent readers, therefore, will not be uninterested in his life and character.

John Locke was born at Wrington, England, August 29, 1632. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford. After graduating from the University he devoted himself for some years to the study of medicine, but never entered upon its practice. The first work he published was a register of the variations of the atmosphere. This was in 1667, when he was thirty-five years of age. About this time he accidentally made the acquaintance of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who became his firm friend and patron, and continued such till he was driven from office in disgrace in 1674. This attachment was strange, and occasioned not a little remark, as the purity of the character and life of Locke were in strong contrast with the bad character and dissolute life of his patron. They were in intellectual character also the antipodes of each other. Shaftesbury was an eloquent orator and a splendid talker, but only a shallow thinker. On the other hand Locke was a vigorous thinker and a compact, solid reasoner, but in his communication was slow and difficult. The Earl, however, knew how to avail himself of these noble qualities of mind, and was much aided by them in his political plans and in his private business. Locke did the mining, Shaftesbury marketed the gold.

After his graduation Locke had been elected student of his College, and here most of his days were spent in seclusion and study. When Shaftesbury was Chancellor he conferred upon him the office of Secretary of Presentations,

and afterward that of Secretary to the Commission of Inquiry into the State of Trade and the Colonies, in both of which offices he rendered substantial service to the public. About this time also he drew up for his patron the outline of a system of laws for the government of Carolina. When Shaftesbury was dismissed from the public service Locke returned to his studentship in Oxford. The same year he received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. His *Essay on the Human Understanding* had been begun in 1671, but had been laid aside, and now, instead of resuming it, he devoted himself to medical studies. Locke had written many political pamphlets; but one published in 1675 upon the Test Act, and denouncing in no measured terms "the divine right of kings," raised against him a storm of opposition. It was in vain that it was published anonymously. Locke's intellect was too palpably stamped upon it to admit of mistake. A severe attack of asthma, with which disease he had been afflicted nearly all his life, now made it expedient for him to go abroad, where he remained till 1679. This year Shaftesbury again rose to favor and summoned Locke back to England. Two years later Shaftesbury was again in disgrace, being first imprisoned in the Tower, and then upon his release virtually banished to Holland, where he died in 1683. Locke followed him and remained with him till his death. He had been the intimate friend, the chief counselor, and the almost infatuated partisan of that nobleman for sixteen years, and, of course, shared largely in the odium attached to him. His return to England was impracticable, and upon the charge of being on terms of intimacy with the malcontents of Holland, he was expelled from his college studentship.

Upon the accession of James II, William Penn, being in favor with the King, offered to procure a pardon for Locke; but this the sturdy old republican refused, saying that *pardon was for those who had been guilty of crime*. In 1685 the English Government charged Locke with being concerned in the expedition of the Duke of Monmouth, and demanded that he should be surrendered as a State's prisoner. The real cause for this demand was undoubtedly the publication of his first Letter on Toleration, the sentiments of which, and still more its stinging logic, were peculiarly offensive to the English Court. Locke was concealed by his friends for a whole year, and thus escaped imprisonment.

During this period he devoted himself assiduously to completing his great *Essay on the Human Understanding*. It was published in 1689,

as was also a second Letter on Toleration. The same year he returned to his native country in the fleet which bore the Princess of Orange to the throne of England. Circumstances had now widely changed. The revolution was complete. Locke was held in honor as a martyr who had suffered in the maintenance of just and righteous principles. William III offered to send him as ambassador to the Imperial Court or to Brandenburg, but neither of these offices were congenial to his taste. He declined them, and accepted a Commissionership of Appeals, worth about \$1,000 a year. But at the same time Sir Francis Masham and lady—a daughter of the celebrated Cudworth—prevailed on him to take apartments in their house, and this became his permanent home.

In 1690 his Treatise on Civil Government was published, and also a Letter on Education. In 1692 his third Letter on Toleration, and also his Essay on English Coinage were published. The latter attracted the attention of the Government, and Locke was consulted with regard to the new coinage of the Kingdom. In reward for these services the King conferred on him the appointment of Commissionership of Foreign Trade and Plantations, worth \$5,000 a year.

But even now the life of Locke was very far from quiet and peaceful. His "Reasonableness of Christianity" provoked an attack from Dr. Edwards, in a work called "Socinianism Unmasked." To this Locke responded in two vindications, each longer than the original work. He had hardly finished these when the learned and eloquent Stillingfleet, in his defense of the doctrine of the Trinity, severely censured some passages in the Essay on the Understanding as tending to subvert some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Locke wrote a letter vindicating his essay from the charge. The Bishop replied, and the exchange of letters was continued till Locke had issued his third Letter, soon after which the Bishop died.

These Letters were the last things published by Locke. In addition to his naturally-weak constitution, the infirmities of age now began to weigh heavily upon him, and he retired to private life. He was pleasant and cheerful, and spent much of his time in reading the Holy Scriptures and in religious contemplation. His was a green old age. His bodily senses and his mental powers seemed unaffected either by age or physical infirmity. A short time before his death, on partaking of the sacrament, he said, "I am now at peace with all men, and in sincere union with the Church of Christ, by whatever name distinguished." He died gently in his chair, saying "cease now" to Lady Ma-

sham, who was reading to him one of the Psalms. This occurred October 28, 1704, in the seventy-third year of his age.

He left behind him several unpublished works; some of them were regarded at the time as being of great value. But his great fame will ever rest on his Essay on Human Understanding—a monument more lasting than brass or marble, and more sublime than wealth or art could erect. Even after we have made, in our estimate of its value, full allowance for its crudities and errors, few prouder monuments have been erected in all the realm of mind.

It might have been expected that, from this outline of his life, we should pass to at least a cursory view of his philosophy—its characteristic excellences and defects, and such was our intention; but the length to which this article has already grown obliges us to desist. It can at least be said of him, in summing up, that *he has quickened the intellectual life of the human race.*

THE SOUL'S WANTS.

BY REV. WILLIAM BAXTER.

Lord, I am thirsty, but no earthly stream
My soul's deep, burning thirst can satisfy;
The stream I thirst for flashes near the throne,
The tree of life grows where it murmurs by.
Lord, I am hungry, not for earthly food;
But that which thou alone, Lord, canst supply,
The bread of heaven, O, give that bread to me;
Without it soon my hungry soul must die.
Lord, I am weary of the world and sin;
To weary Israel thou didst Canaan grant;
Give me the rest thou hast prepared above,
For that sweet rest, weary and worn, I pant.
Lord, I am poor, not lacking earthly goods;
But O I wish myself an heir to feel
Of the true riches, where no moth corrupts,
And where the thief may not break through and steal.
Lord, I am weak, not in the flesh alone;
My spirit faints, life's path seems dark and long;
O, give me strength for all my future way,
And to my soul when fainting say, "Be strong!"
Lord, I am blind; not as to fleshly eyes,
But the soul's eyes, alas! are lacking sight;
To the soul's chaos speak, as once of old,
And say to my dark mind, "Let there be light."
Lord, I am sick with sickness of the soul,
And from that malady would fain be free;
I'm sick with sin, and know not of a cure,
Unless thou wilt the good physician be.
Lord, I am dying; with the monster Death
I now am waging an unequal strife;
Then aid me now, thou who hast conquered death,
And give, O, give to me eternal life!

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCES.

BY LUCY A. OSBAND.

HUMAN responsibility is a problem which must remain unsolved till the end of time. That we are free moral agents, whose decisions depend upon our own volitions, is the unvarying testimony of consciousness. Looking back upon our lives we can recall not a single act in which it was not in our power to have chosen differently—at great cost, great suffering, great danger, it may have been, yet the power was ours. When we chose the bad we were free to have taken the good; when we entered the narrow way the broad road lay open before us. We, then, are responsible for our every act. We feel, we know this to be true. With no judge but our own consciousness, our future would be determined according to the deeds done in the body, we being justly held responsible for every volition of our lives.

Yet beyond the boundary-lines of known truth, in the unexplored regions of mental and moral science, there seem to be influences too uncertain for induction, too obscure for calculation, too delicate for perception by consciousness. Vague, flitting, undefined are they; spirits of the night, against which all attack is vain; ghosts, through which the sword of argument passes harmlessly, leaving the form as perfect as before. We detect them by remote, not by immediate, consequences. That they help to shape and color our lives we dare not deny; yet why, since they are so seemingly powerless? how, since we know that it is the act of the will which decides our destiny?

We build up our creeds and our systems of philosophy with no reference to these agencies, nor can we well do otherwise. Air, sunlight, and the ever-shifting vapors form no perceptible part of an intrenchment, yet victory or defeat depends upon their influence. So our life-battles are decided not by volition only; the invisible legions of the air are fighting for or against us, strengthening and disciplining the will, or weakening and demoralizing it. How powerful these forces may be, in what manner they decide our spiritual conflicts, we may never know. It is only now and then that our eyes are unsealed, and we see ourselves beset by phantom foes. O, the infirmities, the propensities, the inherited weaknesses of men! Are we free moral agents? Struggling against the fearful odds of ignorance, illiberal education, and temperament, are we free to discard the wrong and choose the right? What armor shall protect us against the fears,

the misgivings, the impressions which invade our inner life? what weapons break the serried ranks of suggestions and speculations, too subtle for argument, too vague for reason? Whose voice shall say to ever-questioning doubt, "Be still?"

Yet how powerful is the influence which these messengers of evil exert upon our destiny! Despite ourselves, they shape in some degree our beliefs, and through these our conduct. We can not travel heavenward with the same alacrity as if these did not draw us back, nor can we rise entirely above them. Are we responsible that this is so?

It were well for us to know whence come these enemies of our soul. Children of the wicked one they may be; yet are not most of them the offspring of those inherited qualities which make up that which we call temperament? And who will, who dares stand sponsor for temperament—that strange influence into which have entered the habits, the beliefs, the joys, and sorrows of every generation from Adam to ourselves? We can not explain its workings, for it is the resultant of unknown forces, nor does it follow any known law in its transmission. From the first dawn of intelligence one child is credulous, another skeptical; one frank and confiding, another wary and cautious.

"From the same cradle side,
From the same mother's knee,"

one shall go forth to proclaim salvation, another to doubt, to cavil, it may be to scoff. Who is responsible for this? The mother? She broke to each the bread of life, and carpeted their pathways alike with her prayers. The men themselves? Doubtless, to a great extent, yet they were unlike from the very cradle.

Who shall bear the blame? The boy in whose ear the ocean waves have sung their siren song till he has left home and friends by stealth to go upon the briny deep, or his grandsire, whose life was spent before the mast? Is there not pity as well as condemnation for him whose nature is so inclined to earth and earthly things that, in spite of religious training, in spite of the favor of God once enjoyed, he resorts for amusement and consolation to the midnight dance and the unsatisfying revel?

These are questions we can not answer. Not while we see through a glass darkly can human reason trace the crooked path of destiny. Nevertheless, the Word of God abideth sure. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." How amid so varied and so powerful influences we can be free, as consciousness tells us we are, we know not now, but we shall

know hereafter. In that trance-like state between waking and sleeping, when the soul seems to leave the body and to stand alone, shrinking and trembling upon the dim boundaries of another world; when we realize, as never in our waking state, the meaning and certainty of death, we feel then that we must render up our own account. And when in the clear light of eternity Infinite Wisdom shall untangle the intricate web of human life, we shall then see how narrow the views, how unfounded the reasons which led us to murmur at the ways of Providence, and then shall we realize the wisdom of the Divine command, "Be still, and know that I am God."

THE FOOD OF PLANTS.

BY B. F. MUDGE, A. M.

WHENCE and how do plants derive their nourishment? To this question the common answer would be, The food of plants comes from the earth by the aid and organization of their roots. We are not prepared to admit this, or to say that even the greater part of the food of plants is derived from the soil.

All are probably familiar with the experiment made some years ago by a European botanist. A small willow was planted in a box, the earth being first carefully dried and weighed. It was then from time to time watered with rain water, care being taken that no other nutritive substance should be added to the soil. After some months' flourishing growth the soil was carefully dried, as at first, and weighed, and the willow also again weighed. It was found that the earth had lost six pounds of its weight, while the tree had gained one hundred and fifty-three pounds, showing that the water and atmosphere had yielded one hundred and forty-seven pounds to the body of the willow. The atmosphere, through the agency of the leaves, appears to be nearly, if not quite, as important as the earth and roots.

All the varieties of the vegetable world, their woody fiber, juices, starch, sugar, flowers, fruits, seeds, gums, and those numerous products which art has made to yield to the uses of man, are all compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen in their almost innumerable combinations. These, and in particular hydrogen, the most ethereal of all chemical elements, dissolve iron, zinc, sulphur, lime, silica, and alumina in transparent combinations so light that they float unseen in our atmosphere. These metallic bases also enter into the

composition of the grains and some other plants. In fact, it is a chemical truth that there is no substance which enters into the body of plants which these four gases do not dissolve and take up in invisible particles and bear in the breeze to the delicate organs of the leaves of plants. They are much more minutely dissolved in the air than in the soil, and consequently more suitable to enter the more readily into the nourishment of plants. Water, and other compounds of these gases, being the most important component parts of all plants, are abundant in the air. Rain, dew, moisture of any kind, and even apparently-pure atmosphere, are constantly pouring into the small vessels of the leaves numerous products which, on analysis, are found to enter into the solid parts of all plants.

That the atmosphere, aided by water, contains nearly all the elements of plants in the various chemical compounds of the great laboratory of nature, is apparent from a few moments' observation. For example, take an oak-tree weighing tuns, cut it down and let it dry; the sun and wind will carry nearly half its weight into the air. Next, if you please, burn it to charcoal, and another large portion of its remaining contents is taken up in similar compounds ready for the food of plants. Then, again, set fire to the charcoal, and the black body passes off into bright, transparent gas, losing, like its twin brother, the diamond, all darkness and opacity, and becoming so subtle a food for plants that the eye can not see it as it floats over our heads. Of the tuns of oak wood you have but a few pounds of ashes remaining, itself one of our best fertilizers. May not this portion, which does not mingle with the atmosphere, be the small proportion which that oak originally received through its roots, and the larger portion which floated away with the vapor be the proportion which it received through the agency of its leaves?

Thousands of tuns of trees and other vegetable matter are daily being burned and thus transferred to the atmosphere. Water rising from the streams and earth carries many minute earthy particles into the air. Nature in her chemistry is more nice and delicate than we in ours. The odors, agreeable or disagreeable, which assail our nostrils are all the actual particles of matter from some decaying or dissolving body, either vegetable, animal, or mineral. Thus it has been shown that nearly all the necessary food of plants is found in the atmosphere.

The popular idea is, that the nourishment of plants is taken up by the roots and carried

by the fibrous vessels of the inner bark to the limbs and leaves. But a little observation shows that this is not entirely the case. The tenacity of life which the oak, elm, linn, and other trees show after being girdled and the bark fairly removed all around the trunk, illustrates this principle. Girdling, as performed in our Western forests, where the settler wishes to destroy the trees, is to cut out the bark and wood from five to six inches in width and two-thirds as deep around the trunk. This is the size of the girdle on trees from twenty to thirty inches in diameter; those smaller have a corresponding size cut out. The oaks, wild cherries, and some others will frequently live a whole season after this operation is performed, and we have seen repeated instances of elm and linden entirely outliving a fair girdling. One of the latter, in a field of the writer, was girdled in the usual manner, and in addition the bark was entirely removed to the height of four feet. The tree, twenty inches in diameter, was hollow, nearly half of the body having rotted away. After the operation it stood in green vigor for two seasons. In April of the third year a fire was built in its hollow trunk, which burned freely for over an hour, and yet the tree continued in vigorous foliage for another Summer, when it was thrown down by a gale. The outer portion where the bark had been removed was apparently as dead and dry as an old rail. The fact that a tree will live after girdling shows that the continuity of the bark is not absolutely necessary to its life. We believe in all cases of girdling in which the tree lived that that part of the trunk called the sap-wood was not entirely cut through. That part of the nourishment which comes from the roots must in this case flow up through the sap-wood. John M. Ives, of Salem, Massachusetts, the author of the New England Fruit Book, has subjected this question to a practical test. He has found by many years of experience that grapes, if girdled in July below the clusters of fruit, grow larger, and mature two to three weeks earlier than if not so treated. In such a case the bark is removed quite to the wood for an inch in length, and all round the branch. These branches die in the following Winter.

If, then, so much of the nourishment of plants is derived through the leaves, and so large a portion is water, the question arises, Of what benefit are the manures and our labors in dressing the soil? The answer must be, that the food derived from the soil, though not large in quantity, must be, nevertheless, very essential to the growth of the plant.

We all know how important to vigorous vegetation is finely-pulverized soil. A hard lump of sun-baked earth affords no more aid to vegetation than so much brick or stone. The best soils are those found naturally in the state of fine powder. This is true of such soils as, on analysis, are found to contain a large proportion of such substances—silica, alumina, iron, etc.—as would not appear to enter into the composition of plants. The elements of the poorer soils of New England, and some of the richest soils of Kentucky and Illinois, have been analyzed, and found alike to be essentially composed of silica, the only difference being that the rich lands of the latter States were fine powder without the mixture of even the smallest gravel stones. The fineness of our prairie soil is, doubtless, the great secret of its fertility.

The anomaly of a rich soil from a substance which we should suppose was not an element of fertility, is illustrated in the analysis by Dr. Hayes, of Boston, of a sample brought from a fertile tobacco region of Cuba. To the surprise of all it was found to be composed of ninety per cent. of iron ore, a substance which we had never supposed to be an element of fertility.

Manures appear to act through the agency of fermentation and decomposition, keeping the earth about the roots in a fine, loose condition, and supplying the minute fibers with delicate particles of matter. Manures do not necessarily enter largely into the composition of the plants they benefit. Ammonia is one of the best fertilizers, and yet it does not enter materially into the composition of vegetation. Its extreme volatility renders it an active agent of ramification in the soil, thus keeping it in a light, pulverized condition. Vegetable matter acts not only in furnishing nutriment to the plants, but by decomposition in forming those gases which act much like ammonia.

The whole subject of plant-feeding, to which our farmers owe so much of their prosperity, is yet but imperfectly understood. Should not it be as thoroughly studied as stock-feeding, on which so much has been said and written? In both cases the food of plants or animals is returned in the savory viands which decorate our tables and give a healthy and vigorous growth to our own bodies.

A GREAT woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman who scorns to shine, are four wonders just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY MRS. SARAH SMITH.

LOOK on the bright side of things; it is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy, sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. Full one-half our ills exist only in imagination. There is always that before or around us that should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be, so do others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though appearances do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night land in broad day. In the long run, and very often in the short, the great balance of life will right itself. What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men were not made to hang down either their heads or their hands, and those who do only show that they are departing from the path of true common-sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial, not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

"VIGILAMUS."

BY MRS. E. M. H. GATES.

O, WATCHMEN, on the watch-towers, looking out across the sea
With your long, expectant vision, pray tell us if there be
Any sign of dawning daylight; is there any token fair,
Any bow of promise painted on the war-cloud any where?

Then the watchmen smiled down on me from their look-out clear and high,
And, holding Truth's white banner up between me and the sky,
They bade me scan each shining fold to see if I could find
Any torn or mildewed places on the glorious old ensign.

It was the same old banner which had waved since Time began,
Whenever Wrong and Righteousness had grappled hand to hand;
For if upon its purity came the shadow of a stain, Straightway the blood of martyrs flowed to wash it clean again.
Clear the voices of the watchmen floated down to where I stood,
And they bade me search the world through to see if any good
And gracious promise of the Lord had failed in any wise,
Or the night kept back the morning when he bade the sun arise.
And with theirs I heard the voices of the million peopled past
Calling on this generation, 'mid the trumpet blare and blast,
To drag the chain from Freedom's fane, tear-wet and bloody red,
Lest what the fathers reared in pain fall on the children's head.
O, the age is full of meaning, and the earth rocks to and fro;
Smit by lightnings, rent by earthquakes, and all the winds that blow
Whisper in most solemn accents that the awful hour has come
When the will of man is palsied, and the will of God is done.
Long, long hath vengeance waited, but the gold and dross at last,
Mingled in one seething caldron, by the hand of God are cast;
But the gold shall not be wasted, though the fires are fiercely fanned,
While the smoke of all this torment goeth up from sea and land.
O, watchmen, on the watch-towers, with your faces all aglow!
You can see that Truth advances, though her chariot-wheels are slow;
While the routed hosts of error backward into darkness reel,
Cleft through with blades tenfold sharper than the keen Damascus steel.

WELCOME TO THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

WELCOME, the lord of light and lamp of day
Welcome, fosterer of tender herbis green;
Welcome, quickener of flourish'd flowers' sheen;
Welcome, support of every root and vane;
Welcome, comfort of all kind fruits and grain;
Welcome, the bird's green beild upon the brier;
Welcome, master and ruler of the year;
Welcome, welfare of husbands at the plows;
Welcome, repairer of woods, trees, and bows;
Welcome, depainter of the bloomit meads;
Welcome, the life of every thing that spreads.

Gavin Douglas.

RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 't is given;
But there 's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite; and this—is heaven."

FEW themes connected with the great *hereafter* so deeply concerns *the heart*, as the question of personal recognition among the redeemed. Dear ones of earth—linked to our hearts by the most tender ties—have departed from us and gone away into the unknown realm. We have carefully and tearfully laid their bodies in the grave to slumber till the great awakening morning. We shall see them no more in the land of the living. And if we are never to know them in the future state, this separation—sad as may be the thought—is eternal. The hour that carries them down to the grave is the hour of final separation. If there is no personal recognition in heaven; if we shall neither see nor know our friends there, so far as we are concerned they are annihilated, and heaven has no genuine antidote for the soul's agony in the hour of bereavement.

By and by we shall go and lie down by the side of those severed from us by death, and sleep with them the long, unbroken slumber of the grave. In the great awakening morning we shall, side by side, come forth. Will there then be no recognition between us? If not, what will they be to us more than those redeemed in other ages and from other climes? All the precious memories of toil and trial, of conflict and victory, of gracious manifestation and of holy joy, shared with them in the time of our pilgrimage, will have perished forever! or be remembered, perchance, as vague and unreal fancies. We enter heaven as *strangers*, and such we shall remain forever.

The anxiety of the soul with regard to the personal recognitions of the future state is natural. It springs from the holiest sympathies of the human heart. And any inquiry that may solve our doubts or relieve our anxiety is equally rational and commendable.

We shall proceed, then, to argue the fact of personal recognition among the redeemed in heaven, and shall present considerations which, in their aggregate force, are absolutely conclusive of the subject.

I. REASON DEMANDS IT.

What we mean to assert here is, that the doctrine of personal recognition in the future state has a basis in nature and in reason.

1. *The yearning of the heart for the departed must remain forever unsatisfied without it.* Our loved dead are still linked to us, not only by the cords of memory, but the ties of affection. The monuments carved to their memory, the flowers that blossom above their sleeping dust, and the tears that bedew their graves, are so many living testimonials of our undying affection for them, and the yearning of the heart for a reunion with them. "She goeth unto the grave to weep there," is the record, not merely of Mary, but of the heart-yearning of humanity in all ages. This human feeling finds its consummation only in a recognized personal reunion in heaven. The soul craves the assurance of this reunion, and in response to that craving our funeral hymns take up the blessed strain and whisper it to our hope in sweetest melody. In the faith of it the farewells of the dying chamber are touched with a deeper pathos, and made expressive of a sublimer joy. "Good-by, papa, good-by! Mamma has come for me tonight—don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the morning!" Such was the language of a dying child as the night-shade of death closed around him. Yes, thanks be to God, *we'll all meet again in the morning!* How the thought thrills the heart! Have our brethren in Christ, with whom we have taken sweet counsel in the day of our pilgrimage, left us to finish the journey weary and alone? It cheers us by the way to know that "we'll all meet again in the morning." Bereaved parent, how often is thy yearning heart filled with a holy calmness as angelic whisperings, wafted from the far-off land, come unto thee, saying, "*We'll all meet again in the morning!*"

"O, wild is the tempest and dark is the night,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
And we'll all meet again in the morning!"

2. *The communion of the saints in heaven is impossible without personal recognition.* The communion of the saints of God on earth is one of the richest sources of comfort, as well as one of the most effective means of spiritual nurture in the Church militant. And we are led to look forward to it as one of the grand consummations of the heavenly state. "If the mere conception," says Robert Hall, "of the reunion of good men in a future state, infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the

prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of seeing them emerge from the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, with every tear wiped from their eyes, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb in white robes, and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever! What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat, and to approach not the house but to the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves among the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision!"

But how would it dampen the ardor of our faith, with what a chilliness would it overspread the otherwise delightful prospect of the communion of saints in heaven if there we are not to recognize them as fellow-pilgrims redeemed from earth! Communion implies personal knowledge of each other. If the glorified spirit shall have communion with the angels of God, it will be with them as beings who have not only a personal existence, but also a personal history that may be remembered and rehearsed. Thus each angel in heaven may run back through all the ages of his personal history—never, at any time, losing, even for one moment, the distinct individuality of his consciousness or his experience. And so must it also be with the saints of God. If their earthly history is lost, how shall we know that there ever was to them any such history? How shall we know that they ever were of the Church militant—redeemed and saved by the blood of Christ? But if their past history is known, how can it be separated from the individual person? If this can not be done, then to know the earthly history of the saint passed into heaven is to obtain personal knowledge of him, so that there must be recognition between him and us. If he has an earthly history, and we have an earthly history, and each is capable of communicating his own history, or of receiving the history of the other, so certain is it that personal recognitions must take place. The Christian can never lose his identity, either on earth or in heaven.

3. *Much of the knowledge acquired in this life would be either lost or useless without personal recognition in the life to come.* We can readily conceive how great a blank would be made in the knowledge we possess in this life, if, suddenly, there should be struck from it all that is connected with the recognition of the persons with whom we have been associated or

have been brought in contact with. Take away all our knowledge connected with and dependent upon the recognition of father and mother, brothers and sisters, teachers and ministers, children and neighbors, and how little would be left to us! Life, and thought, and intellect would become almost a blank; and what little remained of each would lose half its value. How, then, can it enter into our thoughts that the failure of spiritual recognition can possibly be less disastrous to us in the future world? But this shall not be; for not only will the knowledge acquired in this life be retained in its full measure, and distinctness, and particularity, but it shall be indefinitely enlarged. "Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." 1 Cor. xiii, 12. Whatever else may be implied in this passage, no one can doubt but that it looks to an increase of knowledge in the future state; and also that this increase has special relation to our knowledge of each other. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face."

4. *Personal recognition in the future life is essential to the unravelling of the mysteries of this.* In the history of the purest and best men that have ever lived upon the earth, there are events, conflicts of mind, and even providential dealings that were dark and mysterious, and in many instances the individuals have gone down to the grave with the darkness unrelied and the mystery unsolved. Our Savior said to his disciples, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii, 7. Thus, in the heavenly state, there is to be an unveiling of the mysteries of this. We shall know why the good man was afflicted and his life clouded with sorrow, and why the wicked were permitted to prosper in his wickedness. The knowledge acquired there will be such as to assure us that the Judge of all the earth has done right.

5. *Heart-friendships here have no proper consummation without personal recognition and continued affection in another life.* Friendship is not confined to earth. Abraham is no less "the friend of God" in heaven now, than he was when dwelling in tents and walking by faith in the land of Canaan nearly four thousand years ago. So every other spiritual affection survives the ravages of the tomb. "Go where we will," says Dr. Berg, "we find the sentiment that friendship is perpetuated beyond the grave. It is enshrined in the heart of our common humanity. The pure, unsophisticated belief of the vast majority of the followers of Christ is in unison with the yearnings of natural affection, which follows its objects through the por-

tals of the grave into the eternal world. What but this causes the Christian parent, in the dying hour, to charge his beloved children to prepare for a reunion before the throne of the Lamb? He desires to meet them there, and to rejoice with them in the victory over sin and death. The widow bending in bitter bereavement over the grave of him whom God has taken, meekly puts the cup of sorrow to her lips with the assured confidence that the separation wrought by death is transient, and that they who sleep in Jesus shall together inherit the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Thus the wormwood and the gall are tempered by the sweet balm of hope, and heaven wins the attractions earth has lost. Tell me, ye who have seen the open tomb receive into its bosom the sacred trust committed to its keeping, in hope of the *first resurrection*—ye who have heard the sullen rumbling of the death-clods as they dropped upon the coffin-lid, and told you that earth had gone back to earth—when the separation from the object of your love was realized in all the desolation of bereavement, next to the thought that you should ere long see Christ as he is and be like him, was not that consolation the strongest which assured you that the departed one, whom God has put from you into darkness, will run to meet you when you cross the threshold of immortality, and, with the holy rapture to which the redeemed alone can give utterance, lead you to the exalted Savior, and with you bow at his feet and cast the conqueror's crown before him?" And is this hope vain? Shall we not even know those dear ones in the spirit-world? Was this light of hope that gilded so beautifully the sad, dark hour of human woe, only a mocking *ignis fatuus*, so soon to go out in everlasting darkness? Is this affection—so deep, so holy—yearning over its object with undying love—to be nipped in the very bud of its being? Nay, it can not be. There must have been some higher purpose; God could not delight in the bestowal of affections that were to be blighted in their very beginning, and of hopes that were to end only in the mockery of eternal disappointment.

"If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?"
"Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothed the last adieu—
Souls of impassioned mold, she speaks to you—
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again."

II. REVELATION PROCLAIMS IT.

In affirming that revelation proclaims the

recognition of friends in heaven, we do not mean that it is anywhere put into the precise formula of a proposition. Some of the most elementary truths of religion are passed by without any such formal statement; but they are constantly recognized in its general teachings, and, by obvious implication at least, taught in many of its most striking recorded transactions. So it is with the doctrine of spiritual recognition. It is interwoven in the very texture of revelation and runs through the whole scope of its teachings.

1. *The mental basis of recognition, namely, personal identity, consciousness, perception, and memory, are recognized as being retained in the future state.* All this is implied in the song heard by St. John sung in heaven, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Rev. v, 9. No one could sing this song for himself without a remembrance of the redeeming love of the Savior, as it found him a lost and ruined sinner upon the earth, and made him a king and a priest unto God; and all this too from among a certain nation, people, tongue, and kindred. Nor could any one join with *others* in saying, "Thou hast redeemed *us*," without some recognition of each one of the great company as having been once, like themselves, possessed of definite place, and language, and kindred upon the earth.

Then, again, in the narration of his sublime vision St. John tells us, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" Rev. vi, 9, 10. Here certainly were identity, and consciousness, and memory in strong and earnest exercise. There was not only a memory of blood that had been shed upon the earth, but a recognition of themselves as the identical persons whose blood had been shed, and superadded to all was a consciousness of unavenged wrong which they had suffered upon the earth.

The same is also implied in that declaration of our Lord, "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matt. xii, 36. For unless these deeds be remembered, and remembered too in their connection with our personal identity, how shall we render the account? Or, take, again, the language of St. Paul, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Rom. xiv, 12. Here too it is implied that there is a memory, or at least a knowledge of the

items of this account as being connected with our past history.

But still more emphatic and impressive is that picture of the rich man and Lazarus. "The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and SEETH ABRAHAM afar off, AND LAZARUS IN his bosom." Luke xvi, 22, 23. Here, by some means, he *perceived* two individuals, and one he *recognizes* as the old patriarch—"the father of the faithful"—and the other the poor beggar who was once "laid at his gate." And then when he would fain importune for one drop of water, Abraham replies, "Son, remember." What a world of meaning in that word **REMEMBER!**

It is not necessary to argue this question further. These points are not only conclusive as an argument, but they are also impressive for the moral lessons they teach.

2. *Passages almost without number imply the personal recognition of friends in the future life.* Among the passages of this kind may be reckoned that which describes the patriarchs, and Moses, and Aaron, and others, as being, in death, *gathered unto their people*. These expressions do not relate to their burial but to their dying; for the people of Abraham were buried in Ur of the Chaldees, while he was interred in a new burying-place. The union, then, was one of *souls* and not of *bodies*. So of Isaac, his burial by Esau and Jacob is described as taking place *after* he had been "gathered unto his people." And Jacob "was gathered unto his people" in Egypt, but *afterward* his body was carried up to Canaan and laid in the burying-ground of his fathers. Aaron was *gathered unto his people* "in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom," though it was far away from the place where any of his ancestors had been buried. And Moses upon Mount Nebo, after beholding the promised land, was *gathered unto his people*, though his body was buried amid the solitude of an unknown valley, and "no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." Deut. xxxiv, 6. Nothing further can be needed to show that this being "gathered" does not refer to the *place* of burial, nor yet to the general *fact* of burial, but to being gathered among their people in the spirit-land. It finds its counterpart in that prayer of the Psalmist, "Gather not my soul with sinners; nor my life with bloody men"—Psa. xxvi, 9—that is, according to Adam Clarke, "let not my eternal lot be cast with them! may I never be doomed to spend an eternity with them!" Deliver me from their companionship and from their doom.

David, when his child was dead, but the body,

unburied, was still with him, said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." 2 Sam. xii, 23. That is, our separation will be brief; though he may not come back from the spirit-land to me, I shall soon rejoin him there—rejoin him too as my son who went before! This is a common feeling and sentiment of Christian faith. It is evidently based upon the expectation of a recognition of the departed, as well as of a union with them.

In one of his discourses—Matt. xii—our Savior rebukes the unbelief and wickedness of the generation to whom he preached, declaring that the men of Nineveh who repented at the preaching of Jonah, and the Queen of the South who came to hear the wisdom of Solomon, should *rise up in the judgment and condemn it*. Here it is clearly implied that the inhabitants of ancient Nineveh who were alive and heard the preaching of Jonah, and the Queen of the South who came to Solomon, and also the Jews who listened to the preaching of Christ yet repented not, will all be *recognized* in their individual characters, and their connection with the events brought in review, be fully known.

The case of the rich man and Lazarus—Luke xvi—is also to the point. And the fact that it is possibly a parable, does not militate against the force of its testimony, for even a parable can not teach any lesson or doctrine contrary to truth. Here is an unvailing of the future world, and at the same moment we catch a glimpse of heaven and of hell; but in both personal recognition is discovered and distinctly announced. Nor is it a personal recognition that is confined to those in its own sphere. Dives, looking across the great gulf of separation, recognized the beatified and favored person now reclining upon Abraham's bosom, as the poor beggar that was once fed with the crumbs that fell from his luxury-laden table. And Lazarus, looking forth from the midst of his unbounded joy, likewise recognized him with the parched tongue in the midst of the tormenting flame, as the rich man who once was clothed in purple and fared sumptuously every day. There is something intensely thrilling in this interview and recognition between parties separated by the great gulf fixed by eternal justice! It intimates something in the possibilities of eternity from which we would fain turn away our eye.

In the parable of the talents and of the pounds, and also in that of the householder hiring men to work in his vineyard, the reckoning is made with each individual, connecting each with what he has done; and not only this, but also showing throughout a distinct recogni-

tion of each other, and the relative claims of each.

The transfiguration scene, in which Moses and Elias appeared talking with Christ, to the wonder and admiration of the three disciples, evidently implies that Moses and Elias fully recognized each other, and that both recognized Christ and were also recognized by him. Here, though it may not have been the original design of the transaction to teach or illustrate the spiritual recognition, yet that recognition is most certainly implied.

We need not dwell longer upon the incidental allusions that imply the future recognition. They stand out in almost every chapter of the Bible, are interwoven into all its teachings in reference to the future state, and are strikingly illustrated in the pious expressions and the dying hopes of the saints of God. The value and entire conclusiveness of this incidental testimony can not be overestimated. The Bible, if it no where asserts nor attempts to prove in terms this recognition, takes it for granted, just as it does the existence of God, and grounds its teachings upon the presumption of it, so that the declaration of it in the most formal manner could not render the Scripture testimony more complete.

3. *The doctrine of the resurrection, as taught in the Bible, implies both a preserved and a recognized individuality.*

"Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life
And shine in everlasting day.

The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumb'rs spring;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King."—Dwight.

We do not undertake now to argue the fact of the resurrection of our bodies from the dead. That has already been done. But we now present a single point; namely, that this resurrection implies both a *preserved and recognized individuality* in the persons so resurrected.

Job says, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Chapter xix, 25-27. In this early foreshadowing of the resurrection it is only stated that Job should in his resurrection body see "God;" not that God should see him, or that any body else should see him; but it is manifestly implied not only that he should see, but also that he should *be seen*.

Isaiah is still more explicit: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise." Chapter xxvi, 19. It is inconceivable that he should have employed such language if these dead were to rise unknowing each other. What avails rising *together*, and how can the promise bring cheer or comfort if we shall neither know nor be known in the rising?

When Jesus said unto Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again"—John xi, 23—her reply was, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Chapter xi, 24. Both the Comforter and the comforted in this interview must have had more in mind than an abstract assurance of a mere resurrection. There was implied *restoration*. The yearning heart of the sister grasped the idea that her loved brother should not only be raised from the dead, but should be restored to her arms.

But notice the particularity with which the resurrection is described; how distinct the different classes and the different individuals stand out. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." John v, 28, 29. "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi, 40. It is not implied that they shall come up from the grave with characters different from those with which they went down into it, but with the same. For "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Daniel xii, 2. If it should be announced that those sleeping in the night should awake in the morning, the announcement would imply that they should awake the same persons, recognizable and recognizing, as when at nightfall they lay down to sleep. So in the resurrection morning. The announcement that we shall "awake," that we shall "come forth," "rise again," and "the dead, small and great, stand before God," can not by any possibility allow of so great a detraction from our personality as to render recognition impossible.

But to settle this question and place it beyond all doubt and all controversy, let us also be reminded of the resurrection of the body of Christ and its recognition by the disciples. This has something more than a formal and technical application to us and to our race. He arose the "first fruits," and the model after which the resurrection bodies of his saints shall be formed,

for he "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Phil. iii, 21. Or again it is said, "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection"—Romans vi, 5—and "when he shall appear we shall be like him." John iii, 2. And yet the body raised was identified and recognized by the disciples as "that same Jesus" whom the Jews had taken and crucified with wicked hands. They knew his form, they recognized his voice, they saw the nail prints in his hands and his feet, the scar of the wound in his side; they felt him and found him flesh and bones, they walked with him, and from the summit of Olivet saw him ascend into heaven. The recognition was perfect. The apostles and the early converts had undoubting faith of it—"so we preach and so ye believed"—1 Cor. xv, 11—was the testimony of Paul. If, then, Christ's resurrection body was clearly distinguished and recognized so as to produce undoubting faith, and if his resurrection body was the type and pattern of ours, surely we shall recognize each other in the resurrection state.

4. *The descriptions of the judgment scene in the Bible represent each as standing out in his individual person and character among those to be judged.*

"And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?
Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done."

These solemn lines by our grandest lyric poet, Charles Wesley, do but sum up the universally-received idea of the Church with regard to the teaching of the Bible in relation to the future judgment.

In that judgment each individual is represented as standing out in his own distinctive character. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 Cor. v, 10. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed." Jude, 14. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, accord-

ing to their works." Rev. xx, 12. "Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead." 1 Peter iv, 5. "For God will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Eccl. xii, 14. "I say unto you that every idle word men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matthew xii, 36. "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Rom. xiv, 12. In all these descriptions of the judgment there stand out before us an aggregate of individuals, each one of whom is to be subjected to the forms of trial. The deeds of their life are to be rehearsed, and that, too, in the presence of neighbors, and friends, and associates. It seems utterly incredible that all this could be gone through without any personal recognitions among them. Why, to these very idle words and these deeds of which I shall give account, my neighbor was perhaps a party. How, then, when he stands by my side and hears the account rendered in the judgment shall he not know me? Nothing can be more obvious than that these general descriptions imply a recognition of persons among the parties assembled in the judgment.

But there are other passages of more specific import upon this point. In showing the decisions of the final judgment and the grounds of those decisions, St. Paul draws the line of distinction—"to the Jew first and also to the Gentile"—Romans ii, 10—showing that the Jew will be known as a Jew, and the Gentile as a Gentile, in the judgment day.

Again, our Savior representing the judgment scene describes the judge as separating the righteous from the wicked as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and placing the one on his right hand, the other on his left. The very manner of the transaction indicates it to be one in which the parties are recognized. But when we hear the judge saying to the righteous, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"—Matthew xxv, 40—we can hardly avoid the impression that the commended disciple must have looked around upon the assembled multitude, assuring himself by observing one after another of the suffering and sorrowing ones of earth to whom he had ministered "in the name of a disciple." And so, also, when we hear the judge replying to those on his left, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me"—Matthew xxv, 45—we can not but feel that personal witnesses rose up before them for their condemnation. Certain it is that the recognition of in-

dividuals as well as of parties is implied all through this striking description of the judgment scene.

But we have a more sure word of prophecy. Our Savior said to his apostles, "Ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Matthew xix, 28. And St. Paul, speaking by the same divine authority, addressing the Corinthians, says: "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" 1 Cor. vi, 2. It must be apparent that if the saints are to take part in the judgment they must be able to distinguish the individuals brought before them, and also to connect the earthly history of each—"the deeds done in the body"—with the individual himself. Without such knowledge they would be utterly incompetent to exercise the functions of judgment. But how is it to be obtained? By personal acquaintance with them in life; by the recorded books in heaven; by the testimony of angels who waited upon them as ministering spirits; by the testimony of those who knew them in life, and by their own confessions. Such are the conceivable modes of evidence employed in reaching the decisions of the great day; and yet each one of them involves the necessity of personal identification, and consequently of the recognition of individuals in the future state.

5. *The revelations given us concerning the heavenly state clearly imply personal recognition among the saints in heaven.*

The gathering of the saints home to heaven is thus described by our Lord: "Then shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven." Mark xiii, 27. And they "shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Matthew viii, 11. "And I will appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom." Luke xxii, 29, 30. Is there not here recognition of individuals? Why, St. Luke adds that the wicked thrust out from this scene "shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God." Luke xiii, 28. Surely higher privileges of recognition will not be given to the wicked thrust out of the kingdom of God than to the elect gathered into it.

St. Paul teaches us the joy the faithful pastor shall feel in the salvation of those to whom he has preached and for whom he has labored. He

addressed them as his "joy and crown," exhorting them to steadfastness, that he might "reject in the day of Christ," for "ye also are our rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus." 2 Cor. i, 14.

And then he adds, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" 1 Thess. ii, 19. But how is this consummation to be reached? The apostle tells them, "He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall PRESENT US WITH YOU." 2 Cor. iv, 14. How sadly deluded was the apostle if those saved through his ministry were to be personally unknown to him in the heavenly state! To "present us with you" means something more than gathering up a bundle of abstractions, however holy they may be.

But in the delineations of the heavenly state this knowledge is still further implied. Witness the language of the Savior to his disciples: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." John xiv, 2, 3. Witness, also, that comprehensive prayer of the Redeemer for all them that should believe on him—"that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. . . . Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." John xvii, 21, 24. All these expressions imply mutual and endearing intercourse. It is the communion of the *heavenly family*, especially among those members of that great family who have been redeemed from earth, and to whom the bliss of heaven is heightened by the remembrance of that redemption. How, then, can it be supposed that they know less of each other than when in the pilgrimage state? Rather is it not certain that in them has been realized that, though once they *saw through a glass darkly, now they see face to face, knowing even as they also are known?* This only can fulfill the conditions of a *heavenly family* mingling in social fellowship, beholding each other, sitting, and eating, and drinking at the table of their common Lord, and joining with united heart and voice in celebrating the amazing love that sought them out while sinners and aliens, redeemed them to Christ, made them often sit together in heavenly places in the time of their pilgrimage, and now has exalted them to be kings and priests to God and the Lamb forever and forever. And such a family are they who are now gathered into one in Christ Jesus.

JEREMY TAYLOR—HIS TIMES AND COMPEERS.
SECOND PAPER.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

LITTLE beyond the outlines of Jeremy Taylor's life, which was given in a previous paper, is known to us. No Boswell followed his footsteps to gather up his sayings for a future generation. His writings are his biography. They are the words of a good and true man, of a meek and devout Christian sitting evermore at his Master's feet, and learning holy lessons from his lips. His style has always appeared to us like the tread of a stately army to noble and inspiring music. There is Oriental richness of color and profusion of ornament on his pages. The "Shakspeare of Divinity," as he is so often called, has the poet's exuberant imagination, his richness of imagery, and his command of words. Above all, he has his discursive faculty. One happy thought awakens others, one graceful figure beckons to a second, till the original idea is sometimes in danger of being lost under the amplitude of its coverings. And yet, though he often leads us into flowery lanes, through which we at first can see no opening, he has sometimes uttered sentences so pithy and so full of meaning, that they seem to have the ring of Fuller in them. We may give a few specimens. "Drive not away the fly from your brother's forehead with a hatchet." "Wine discovers more than the rack." "Man is but a debt of death to be paid for without delay." "Pray often and you shall pray oftener." "No man is poor that does not think himself so." "The minutes of our time strike on counted by angels." "No man has the willing spirit that does not do the outward work." "God has opened no gate to heaven but the narrow gate, and the cross is the key."

Sentences of surpassing beauty and power are found on nearly every page. Every tradition of the Church, every classic legend, every fact in history, all the phenomena of nature are used to illustrate the truth. If the satire may sometimes apply to him—

"How oft when Paul has served us with a text
Has Plato, Tully, Epictetus preached,"

we must still acknowledge that their heathen philosophy has been pressed into the service of Christ, and so "the cold stone is overlaid with warm and living moss," and the lifeless legend glows with vital fire. In every variety of subject he excels. In the Good and Evil Tongue, for instance, he discovers a power of satire which he does not love to use; in the Miracles of the Divine Mercy the fertility of his mind

and the beauty and excellency of his style are manifested; and in Christ's Advent to Judgment there is a power of description and a setting forth of solemn truths in a manner that must electrify the conscience that is not entirely seared. Of his Holy Living and Dying there can be but one opinion. Christ is there set forth more clearly and fully than in most of his sermons, and none can read it thoughtfully without being impregnated with somewhat of its spirit. When the young poet Keats found that he must die, he said to his friend, "Now, my dear Severn, if you would get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become *really* a Christian and leave the world in peace." "Most fortunately," adds Mr. Severn, "I was able to procure the Holy Living and Dying. I read some passages of it to him and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in these comforting works."*

One must sit down quietly and calmly with Jeremy Taylor to receive true pleasure from his writings. "The words of the wise are heard in silence." He to whom external nature brought such delight should be read amid its ministerings. He can hardly be relished in the din of the city. His words and thoughts weave themselves naturally with the music of the winds and the lapping of the waters. Jeremy Taylor would hardly be a popular preacher in these busy days. Stirring sermons two hours long have become a lost art. Like the sprightly French woman, we want to have all knowledge communicated to us in "three words." It is only within a few years that the writings of Jeremy Taylor have come to us in a convenient and accessible form. We learned to love them in their folio form, undeterred by their long s's and stiff leather binding, as they stood side by side with Bishop Butler's gossiping History of his own Times, and Lord Clarendon's true but ponderous History of the Great Rebellion.

Jeremy Taylor's was an age of marked characteristics and strange contrasts. Like the fruit of the prophet, "the good were very good, and the bad very bad." Though simony was connived at and compromise in religion not thought disgraceful, we have seen what a band of Christian ministers of various sects and parties stood up valiantly for the truth. And there were honest men outside the pale of the Church—honest if mistaken. One gruff old Welshman, David Jenkyns by name, has always excited

* From an article on Keats in the Atlantic Monthly.

our admiration. He would not kneel to the Puritan Parliament because he did not think it legally constituted, and said if he was executed for it he would go to the scaffold "with the Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other." While men of high standing sought the patronage of the licentious beauties of the court, Southampton and Evelyn refused to visit them. The latter gentleman withdrew entirely from public life, grieved and disappointed by the conduct of the heartless king over whose restoration he had so much rejoiced. We fancy him in better company than Whitehall could give, walking with his friend and spiritual director, good Jeremy Taylor, through the pleasure-gardens of Saye's Court, and enjoying genial companionship amidst the sounds and sights of beauty that such a residence bestows.

Amidst so much that is foul and repelling in the Court of Charles II, there is one person the thread of whose life it is delightful to follow. One of the most beautiful and attractive maid-s of honor was Margaret Blagg, afterward Mrs. Godolphin. At eleven years of age she entered the service of the Duchess of York, where she remained till her nineteenth year "as untainted by its evils as is the clear sunbeam by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere," says the editor of a little memorial which her friend John Evelyn left of her. Some rules which she had drawn up for her every-day actions give us an insight into her interior life, and show the care, and prayer, and watchfulness that enabled her to pass through such a furnace without having the smell of fire upon her. Speaking of going to court, she writes, in old-fashioned orthography: "Talk little when there. If they speak of any body I can not commend, hold my peace, what jest soever they may make. Be sure never to talk to the king. When they speak filthily, though I be laughed at, look grave, remembering that of Micah, there will a time come when the Lord will bind up his jewels. Before I speak, Lord, assist me; when I pray, Lord, hear me; when I am praised, God humble me. May the clock, the candle, every thing I see instruct me!" Again she says, "When I go into the withdrawing-room, let me consider what my calling is—to entertain the ladies, not to talk foolishly to men, more especially to the king. Let me consider if a traitor be hateful, she that betrays the soul is much worse—the danger, the sin of it. Then without pretending to wit, how quiet and pleasant a thing it is to be silent; or, if I do speak, that it be to the glory of God. Lord, assist me!"*

Side by side with the Duchess of Portsmouth, touching the garments of the wicked but fascinating Duchess of Magarion, in daily communication with the frail and voluptuous beauties of the court, Margaret Blagg's simple diary tells us how she walked unscathed in spirit and reputation, because sheltered under the wings of the Eternal. She is "so blessed at having the Lord for her God." "God was so gracious to her that she had like to have fallen on her face before him." She was "dissolved with love to God." She never swerved from her Christian course, but as a wife and mother still went on her saintly way till, in her twenty-fifth year, she was suddenly summoned to the presence of Him she had served so devoutly and unwaveringly.

There were three lovely models of wife-like duty which stand out prominently in the history of those times, when virtue was esteemed a jest and conjugal fidelity a myth. Among the most interesting memoirs of the day is the Life of Col. Hutchinson, written by his widow. He was one of the leaders of the Parliamentary army, a man of great bravery, honesty, and religion, who, after serving his country devotedly, died in imprisonment. How much his portrait owes to the graceful touches of her who preserved it, we can not say; but with her it was a work of love, and large portions of Lucy Hutchinson's admiration for her husband can not but be communicated to the heart of the reader. A similar memorial of Lady Fanshawe inspires equal interest. We go with her in the darkness to the grim and cruel prison, when her voice comes to him from under his window like the music of an angel, filling his lonely cell with gladness, while, like the spouse in the Canticles, "her head is filled with dew, and her locks with the drops of the night."

At a later period in the seventeenth century, though still in the reign of the profligate and ungrateful Charles II, the virtuous and patriotic William Lord Russell was beheaded. His connection with his incomparable wife has kept his memory fresh, while other victims to a similar tyranny are forgotten. When brought before the vindictive Jeffreys to be tried for his life, Lady Russell, suppressing all outward anguish, calmly acted as his secretary. Before his execution, when every effort for his release had failed, she parted from him without a tear, inducing him to say, "Now the bitterness of death is past!" She appeared to possess all the tenderness without any of the weakness of her sex, and the name of Rachel Lady Russell will ever remain a synonym for piety and true nobility and elevation of character. She was married to Lord Russell—then Lord Vaughan—in 1667, the

* The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.

JEREMY TAYLOR—HIS TIMES AND COMPEERS.
SECOND PAPER.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

LITTLE beyond the outlines of Jeremy Taylor's life, which was given in a previous paper, is known to us. No Boswell followed his footsteps to gather up his sayings for a future generation. His writings are his biography. They are the words of a good and true man, of a meek and devout Christian sitting evermore at his Master's feet, and learning holy lessons from his lips. His style has always appeared to us like the tread of a stately army to noble and inspiring music. There is Oriental richness of color and profusion of ornament on his pages. The "Shakspeare of Divinity," as he is so often called, has the poet's exuberant imagination, his richness of imagery, and his command of words. Above all, he has his discursive faculty. One happy thought awakens others, one graceful figure beckons to a second, till the original idea is sometimes in danger of being lost under the amplitude of its coverings. And yet, though he often leads us into flowery lanes, through which we at first can see no opening, he has sometimes uttered sentences so pithy and so full of meaning, that they seem to have the ring of Fuller in them. We may give a few specimens. "Drive not away the fly from your brother's forehead with a hatchet." "Wine discovers more than the rack." "Man is but a debt of death to be paid for without delay." "Pray often and you shall pray oftener." "No man is poor that does not think himself so." "The minutes of our time strike on counted by angels." "No man has the willing spirit that does not do the outward work." "God has opened no gate to heaven but the narrow gate, and the cross is the key."

Sentences of surpassing beauty and power are found on nearly every page. Every tradition of the Church, every classic legend, every fact in history, all the phenomena of nature are used to illustrate the truth. If the satire may sometimes apply to him—

"How oft when Paul has served us with a text
Has Plato, Tully, Epictetus preached."

we must still acknowledge that their heathen philosophy has been pressed into the service of Christ, and so "the cold stone is overlaid with warm and living moss," and the lifeless legend glows with vital fire. In every variety of subject he excels. In the Good and Evil Tongue, for instance, he discovers a power of satire which he does not love to use; in the Miracles of the Divine Mercy the fertility of his mind

and the beauty and excellency of his style are manifested; and in Christ's Advent to Judgment there is a power of description and a setting forth of solemn truths in a manner that must electrify the conscience that is not entirely seared. Of his Holy Living and Dying there can be but one opinion. Christ is there set forth more clearly and fully than in most of his sermons, and none can read it thoughtfully without being impregnated with somewhat of its spirit. When the young poet Keats found that he must die, he said to his friend, "Now, my dear Severn, if you would get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become *really* a Christian and leave the world in peace." "Most fortunately," adds Mr. Severn, "I was able to procure the Holy Living and Dying. I read some passages of it to him and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in these comforting works."*

One must sit down quietly and calmly with Jeremy Taylor to receive true pleasure from his writings. "The words of the wise are heard in silence." He to whom external nature brought such delight should be read amid its ministerings. He can hardly be relished in the din of the city. His words and thoughts weave themselves naturally with the music of the winds and the lapping of the waters. Jeremy Taylor would hardly be a popular preacher in these busy days. Stirring sermons two hours long have become a lost art. Like the sprightly French woman, we want to have all knowledge communicated to us in "three words." It is only within a few years that the writings of Jeremy Taylor have come to us in a convenient and accessible form. We learned to love them in their folio form, undeterred by their long s's and stiff leather binding, as they stood side by side with Bishop Butler's gossiping History of his own Times, and Lord Clarendon's true but ponderous History of the Great Rebellion.

Jeremy Taylor's was an age of marked characteristics and strange contrasts. Like the fruit of the prophet, "the good were very good, and the bad very bad." Though simony was connived at and compromise in religion not thought disgraceful, we have seen what a band of Christian ministers of various sects and parties stood up valiantly for the truth. And there were honest men outside the pale of the Church—honest if mistaken. One gruff old Welshman, David Jenkyns by name, has always excited

* From an article on Keats in the Atlantic Monthly.

our admiration. He would not kneel to the Puritan Parliament because he did not think it legally constituted, and said if he was executed for it he would go to the scaffold "with the Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other." While men of high standing sought the patronage of the licentious beauties of the court, Southampton and Evelyn refused to visit them. The latter gentleman withdrew entirely from public life, grieved and disappointed by the conduct of the heartless king over whose restoration he had so much rejoiced. We fancy him in better company than Whitehall could give, walking with his friend and spiritual director, good Jeremy Taylor, through the pleasure-gardens of Saye's Court, and enjoying genial companionship amidst the sounds and sights of beauty that such a residence bestows.

Amidst so much that is foul and repelling in the Court of Charles II, there is one person the thread of whose life it is delightful to follow. One of the most beautiful and attractive maid-servants was Margaret Blagg, afterward Mrs. Godolphin. At eleven years of age she entered the service of the Duchess of York, where she remained till her nineteenth year "as untainted by its evils as is the clear sunbeam by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere," says the editor of a little memorial which her friend John Evelyn left of her. Some rules which she had drawn up for her every-day actions give us an insight into her interior life, and show the care, and prayer, and watchfulness that enabled her to pass through such a furnace without having the smell of fire upon her. Speaking of going to court, she writes, in old-fashioned orthography: "Talk little when there. If they speak of any body I can not commend, hold my peace, what jest soever they may make. Be sure never to talk to the king. When they speak filthily, though I be laughed at, look grave, remembering that of Micah, there will a time come when the Lord will bind up his jewels. Before I speak, Lord, assist me; when I pray, Lord, hear me; when I am praised, God humble me. May the clock, the candle, every thing I see instruct me!" Again she says, "When I go into the withdrawing-room, let me consider what my calling is—to entertain the ladies, not to talk foolishly to men, more especially to the king. Let me consider if a traitor be hateful, she that betrays the soul is much worse—the danger, the sin of it. Then without pretending to wit, how quiet and pleasant a thing it is to be silent; or, if I do speak, that it be to the glory of God. Lord, assist me!"*

Side by side with the Duchess of Portsmouth, touching the garments of the wicked but fascinating Duchess of Magarion, in daily communication with the frail and voluptuous beauties of the court, Margaret Blagg's simple diary tells us how she walked unscathed in spirit and reputation, because sheltered under the wings of the Eternal. She is "so blessed at having the Lord for her God." "God was so gracious to her that she had like to have fallen on her face before him." She was "dissolved with love to God." She never swerved from her Christian course, but as a wife and mother still went on her saintly way till, in her twenty-fifth year, she was suddenly summoned to the presence of Him she had served so devoutly and unwaveringly.

There were three lovely models of wife-like duty which stand out prominently in the history of those times, when virtue was esteemed a jest and conjugal fidelity a myth. Among the most interesting memoirs of the day is the Life of Col. Hutchinson, written by his widow. He was one of the leaders of the Parliamentary army, a man of great bravery, honesty, and religion, who, after serving his country devotedly, died in imprisonment. How much his portrait owes to the graceful touches of her who preserved it, we can not say; but with her it was a work of love, and large portions of Lucy Hutchinson's admiration for her husband can not but be communicated to the heart of the reader. A similar memorial of Lady Fanshawe inspires equal interest. We go with her in the darkness to the grim and cruel prison, when her voice comes to him from under his window like the music of an angel, filling his lonely cell with gladness, while, like the spouse in the Canticles, "her head is filled with dew, and her locks with the drops of the night."

At a later period in the seventeenth century, though still in the reign of the profligate and ungrateful Charles II, the virtuous and patriotic William Lord Russell was beheaded. His connection with his incomparable wife has kept his memory fresh, while other victims to a similar tyranny are forgotten. When brought before the vindictive Jeffreys to be tried for his life, Lady Russell, suppressing all outward anguish, calmly acted as his secretary. Before his execution, when every effort for his release had failed, she parted from him without a tear, inducing him to say, "Now the bitterness of death is past!" She appeared to possess all the tenderness without any of the weakness of her sex, and the name of Rachel Lady Russell will ever remain a synonym for piety and true nobility and elevation of character. She was married to Lord Russell—then Lord Vaughan—in 1667, the

* The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.

year that Jeremy Taylor died. Her letters are models of piety, good sense, and tenderness and refinement of feeling.

With the mention of one other character whose life is intertwined with the times of which we write, we conclude our paper. We have thought that Jeremy Taylor may have known and loved—for to know was to love him—a serene old man, who, though born near the close of the sixteenth century, yet lived till the latter part of the seventeenth. We allude to good old Izaak Walton, who used to thank God “for flowers and showers, pleasant rivers and meadows, with content and leisure to go a fishing.” Happy old man! the scent of clover-fields and the song of birds seem ever to hang around him. We owe him much, not only for his sweet discourses on God and nature, but for his lives of those Christian worthies, whose

“Names shine still and bright,
Apart like glow-worms on a Summer night—
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton’s heavenly memory.”

ONLY A COUNTERFEIT.

BY MARTHA A. MYERS.

IT was only a quarter, the first one I had ever actually possessed, and as I held it in my hand my heart thrilled with childish pride and pleasure. To my young eyes what a world of wealth was embodied in it! O, the bright visions of nicknacks and sugar-plums which the sight of that bright silver quarter awakened and sent whirling through my foolish little brain, for would it not buy almost every thing? And in my fancied treasure I was far richer and happier than a Cresus or a Rothschild. To me it was a joy unmixed with sorrow, for it brought no cankering care.

The gilded baubles of the confectioner and fancy dealer remained unpurchased, for as yet I was afraid of risking my all in a profitless investment, of embarking my whole fortune in the leaky vessels of merchandise.

But it happened one day as I was passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade, my eye accidentally caught sight of some article in a shop-window which so captivated my childish fancy that I was determined to possess it at almost any sacrifice—even my quarter. So I drew it carefully forth from its secure hiding-place, turned it over and over, while a thousand bitter regrets stole into my heart at the thought of parting with it; but then the

merchant’s piece of finery *must* be mine, so I closed my hand resolutely over the shining coin and hurried forward, light-hearted and happy at the mere thought of my anticipated bargain. But alas! disappointment, childhood’s greatest calamity, only awaited me, for as I laid my long-cherished treasure down upon the counter, I noticed the merchant glanced at it rather suspiciously, picked it up, turned it over and over, examined it carefully, then sounded it, and, turning to me somewhat carelessly, said, “Well, sis, I guess somebody has cheated you a little; your fine-looking quarter is only a counterfeit.”

Disappointed and heart-sick, vexed that, instead of the substance, I had carefully cherished the shadow, I deliberately turned my steps homeward; but somehow that shopkeeper’s words had set me to thinking. Ah, that day’s bitter experience; that counterfeit quarter taught me a valuable lesson, and since then, as I have looked over humanity, I have been reminded of the shopkeeper’s words in a hundred instances.

It is not merely the counterfeit quarters and bank-bills which so annoy and puzzle the trading interests of the community, but it is these miserable counterfeits of human nature that have insinuated and worked themselves into every stratum of society. There are plenty of them, and the baser the metal the more easily are they detected; yet sometimes so closely do they resemble the genuine that an experienced eye is often completely deceived by them. They circulate readily and freely, for we find them disgracing every profession and vocation in life. Occasionally, arrayed in the sacred garb of the Church, we find those who oppress the widow and fatherless, yet for a pretense make long and sanctimonious prayers; and can we wonder at it, for among Christ’s twelve chosen ones was there not a Judas? And yet so faultless was his outward deportment and conversation, so seemingly genuine his piety and devotion to his Master that little did the other disciples suspect they were cherishing a traitor among them; so perfect was the resemblance to the real that no human eye could detect it.

Here, spread out before us, is the social world in all its manifold phases, and looking around us we anxiously inquire, Are there any counterfeits here? Surely this should be the home of moral purity and intellectual strength; here, if any where, one should find the acme of human bliss and enjoyment. We should; but, alas! do we find it? Yonder we see a youth in all the vigor of promising manhood, an embryo Newton, a Summerfield, a Galileo, or a statesman, perhaps, and our eye follows him closely

as he passes to and fro from his place of business; we see him enter the brilliant saloon when he imagines no human eye is upon him—except that of the bar-keeper—and call for a drink. The ruby chalice is set before him; he drains it, and that sparkling draught has roused within his soul a host of warring passions; his brain reels, his step is unsteady, and his eye burns with unwonted fire. But on the morrow the better, finer feelings of his nature have again resumed their sway; but will it always last? Does not each successive victory appetite gains over its victim weaken his firm resolve of future reformation, and gradually shut out from his soul all hope of escape from the treacherous net which habit is rapidly weaving around him? Is he not making of his moral nature a hopeless, irretrievable counterfeit? But we will leave the question here and pass on.

When I see a young lady acquiring but a superficial knowledge of the elementary branches—a slight smattering of French and ornamental branches, yet learning nothing thoroughly enough to gain a livelihood thereby if circumstances should make it necessary—the idea, somehow or other, will occur to my mind that they are weaving into the web of their so-called education elements which are invariably regarded as counterfeit.

Again, when I see how the eyes of some individuals are dazzled and blinded by the powerful glitter of the almighty dollar, so much so that every thing else becomes merely a secondary consideration, I feel somehow as if I wanted to say to that class of persons, "Look out, my good friends, I fear that you are deceiving yourselves, and will discover ere long that you have paid homage to only a counterfeit."

Again, when I see parents so scrupulously attentive to the personal appearance and manner of their children, trilling them out in all the gay paraphernalia of fashionable attire, yet bestowing little or no attention to the cultivation of their mind, regardless alike of the books they read or the associations they form, or, again, when I see them so immersed in the giddy pleasures of fashionable life, willingly bartering the sweet and simple endearments of home for the empty baubles of an aimless existence, forgetting the holy obligations they owe to their Maker and their children—I say when my eye rests upon individuals of so flippant a stamp, when I see such an utter neglect of duty as this, such a heartless mockery, I can not help saying there is nothing genuine in it, they are thoroughly counterfeit.

The fiery ordeal through which the American Republic is now passing is a powerful detector.

It is stamping as counterfeits some of those the world thought were the genuine gold—true and loyal patriots. When I see an officer sporting around in his fine blue broadcloth, gay trappings, and gilt buttons, whereon the American eagle stands out in bold relief, when I see such an officer neglecting his post and keeping in close proximity to the hotel and drinking-saloon, trotting fast horses and spending Uncle Sam's substance in riotous living, I can not help thinking the American eagle—that noble emblem of independence and power—can not be subjected to a greater humiliation or a deeper disgrace than to serve as a decoration on the gaudy equipments of a counterfeit loyalist.

Again, when I see a heartless M. D., who scarcely knows the difference between a spasm and an ague chill, a drug and a powder, trying to slip into the snug situation of a brigade surgeon, simply because it will pay, I can not help thinking that if he is successful his treatment will probably kill more than it cures, and the poor patients under his care will be apt to find out, very much to their sorrow, that in spite of his great pretensions to medical erudition and the long lingo of Latin technicalities which lie at his tongue's end, that he is only a counterfeit. Now it seems to me that the man who has such an india rubber conscience as to enter the army with the hope of making a snug fortune lying nearer to his pusillanimous little heart than the desire to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws, is far more contemptible than the traitor who stays at home and minds his own business. He is a double-plated counterfeit, guilty of the twofold crime of robbery and treason. Now I would not have you imagine that I am looking at the military world through green or blue glasses; I am merely rendering unto treason the things which are its due, and unto Loyalty I shall try to accord the fadeless glory and immortal renown which justly belong to her. The bright garlands of fame which the brave and true-hearted have won will never wither nor pale, and well may the anthem of every passing breeze be, All honor to the sacred memory of a Lyons, who fell nobly battling with the treacherous foe at Springfield; all honor to the Ellsworths, the Kearneys, and the Bakers, who have fallen bravely fighting in the contest; all honor to the host of gallant privates, who have boldly rushed to the rescue in defense of the banner of our country, while the inspiring watchword, "Honor Bright," echoes from rank to rank! Ah, these have the ring of the true metal about them—these are the genuine coins of loyalty, and unto them have we intrusted the holy cause of American liberty.

And now let us turn our attention a moment to the political world. When I see the hypocritical, office-seeking politician trying to gammon his constituents into the belief that he is the pure gold, that 't will further the interests of the dear country to elect him to office, when in truth the only object to which his soul is faithfully devoted is, that he may give his pockets a good, substantial lining, not exactly of gold and silver in these days, but of ornamental green-backs and bank-bills, I'll tell you how it is, such men are counterfeits of the Secretary Floyd stamp; they're a rusty set; and we must keep our eye on them; they corrode and tarnish other coins with which they come in contact, and if we allow them to pass current in the political world, then we might as well conclude to hang our harps on the willow and bid an eternal farewell to the godlike principles of justice and equity.

When I happen to take a peep into the professional world and see now and then among the fraternity one of these long-fingered lawyers gently insinuating his hand away down into the pocket of his unfortunate client, I am tempted to think, what a pity he could not have had the opportunity of setting sail with the Argonautic expedition after the golden fleece! he'd been sure to get it; and am also reminded of a little conversation I once overheard between two brother lawyers. One says, "Jones, there'll be fifty dollars for me, and fifty dollars for you, pretty good pay for a sheet of writing; but then, you know, we lawyers must have our fees whether there's any thing left for the man or not." Such ones are capital at fleecing—regular counterfeits.

Or again, when I happen to glance into the speculative world and see soulless corporations—not lacking body, however—and purse-proud speculators leaguing together to fill their pockets at the expense of the laboring classes—the real bone and sinew of society—I am heartsick at this poor imitation, am annoyed at this specious coin.

Again, when I happen to glance into the mercantile community and see merchants and shopkeepers holding their goods at exorbitant prices, encouraging the poor man to trade, and then taking his little home worth double the amount as payment for the small debt, calling a shilling thirteen cents, and eighteen and three-quarter cents nineteen when in his own favor, but simply twelve and eighteen when in favor of his debtor; as I see this I say to myself, "Ah, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways." He is certainly some relation to the man of whom I have often heard my grandfather tell. The con-

versation one evening between the merchant and his clerk ran as follows:

"James, have you sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Watered the molasses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Graveled the coffee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then come into prayers."

He was kind of pious—only a counterfeit.

Thus look where we will, every-where alike is the eye pained and the heart grieved by the discovery of counterfeits of every stamp; we can trace them from the counterfeit coins of humanity down to the quack drugs and nostrums which the unprincipled rogue tries to palm off upon a credulous public as the one and only genuine article. We find, too, that counterfeit coins of humanity sometimes slip in among those who wear upon their lips the smile of friendship; but after all these only prove the existence of the genuine, for were there no real there could be no counterfeit. But did you ever stop to consider that most of the counterfeit coins of humanity are owing almost entirely to the development? In the early years of childhood, when the moral nature is as susceptible of impressions as wax, it is then that they are stamped as the genuine or the spurious. It has been said, circumstances make the man; we give this assertion its due weight, but after all, are we not individually responsible for the metal we are of, whether the genuine or counterfeit?

The mint issues and redeems only its own pure currency. How thoroughly it tests every coin; and now we ask ourselves the question, Shall we make of ourselves counterfeits? No, we must be the genuine, whether our earthly sphere lies in the hotly-contested arena of active life or amid the more quiet and peaceful scenes of social society, that at last we may pass current at the mint of heaven, that when the Great Detector shall sound us we may be found not counterfeits, but pure, unalloyed coins, having the ring of the true metal.

THE HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

I WOULD go home! To shelter steers the vessel,

The rivulet seeks the sea,

The nursing in its mother's arms will nestle,

Like them I long to flee!

In joy, in grief, have I tuned many a lay;

Griefs, joys, like harp-notes, have now died away,

One hope yet lives—to Heaven's paternal dome,

Ah, take me home!

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE FOURTEENTH.

NIGHT before last, reader, reckoning according to the style of ordinary mortals, and not as you and I have agreed to reckon, there came to us a report of the most splendid boreal display that has been witnessed in these regions for a generation.

The heavens were all on fire. Commencing as a small, milk-white arc about the pole it gradually became more and more brilliant, till it shone with almost a dazzling radiance. Then streamers started upward from every point of the arc, and came together at the zenith, where they formed another arc.

This second one soon became a circle, of which the center was the zenith, and then the rays shot downward toward the southern pole as if there were another arc of fire about that axis of the earth's revolutions. This southern arc, perhaps a circle, was, of course, beyond our vision, but every indication of the streamers pointed to such a base for themselves at the opposite extremity of our planet.

The circle about the zenith grew more fiery as we looked upon it; the rays shot from it with about a uniform splendor in all directions, and we seemed for more than an hour to be standing beneath a great belt of fire, from which there hung to the very edge of the horizon the folds of a glorious curtain or canopy, as if some high festival of the celestial inhabitants were going on within it.

When the hour of its full splendor had passed away, the ring at the zenith began gradually to grow dim, then to dissipate, leaving the streamers on every side without a center of convergence; and then these streamers, as if left without control, fell into the most wonderful evolutions of their own, maintaining some order among themselves, however, but no longer obedient to any superior power. They first seemed to strike out into a general dance, as if Terpsichore had been really deified, and now practiced her profession among the stars. Then they went to promenading and waltzing around the heavens, very much as dancers do when they have become more or less fatigued. Next came martial evolutions, where regiments were marching after regiments, with spear-points bristling above their heads, and banners floating to the breeze.

But soldiers fight as well as march. It was so here, for we had battles in the sky. We had victories and defeats; there was at last a Water-

loo, and no sooner had this great conflict ended than a few of the squadrons seemed to wheel out of sight, while the remainder gradually vanished, we could not tell how nor where. We looked, reader, at all events, as you remember, till there was no longer a soldier in the field; the heavens were again serene and clear, and there was nothing left of these celestial fireworks but the little, dull, milk-white arc about the northern pole. We thought then of our native land; we took the evening's exhibition as an omen for our country, and we hoped to see the day when wars and conflicts shall have passed, when our troubled sky shall be serene again, when every thing shall return in full obedience to that fundamental law which is the polar center of our system, the unchanging signal of our National harmony, prosperity, and joy.

II. The manners and customs of a country are based very much upon their climate, and in this particular, therefore, our experience in this capital has so far given us but a meager clew to a subject so interesting and yet so intricate. The living generation has seen no such Winter as has just passed over Sweden. We, before leaving for this land of snow and night, had made double preparations in wools and furs for these freezing regions, and we shuddered with imaginary cold every time we thought of our destination. But we have been every day disappointed and amazed. We waited through the month of November for the appearance of cold weather, but we had nothing but warm rains alternating with sunny skies. December we were certain would bring the Winter, but the warm rain would not cease, the skies would not give us cold, the grass would remain green upon the parks and lawns, and the very birds refused to know that the time for Winter had arrived. Then our expectation swung upon the old saying,

"When the days begin to lengthen
The cold will begin to strengthen."

But all maxims this time failed in Sweden. We had a few light falls of very light snow in January, but these were all April snows, and would sometimes pass away into rain as they were falling. The grass was still green, the birds were yet singing upon the trees, and the little iron steamers continued to skim over the unfrozen waters of the river, lake, and sea, which flank on either side and then cut through this capital. The old sea-captains told us, however, with a shake of the head, that we might look out for February and March. Then we should have a full-jeweled, sparkling, boreal Winter. With some faith in these old weather-

prophets, we ordered a new supply of fuel, and then doubled ourselves up for the encounter. But we were not molested. The grass did grow a little brown, but the birds would not away, and the steamers did not cease to fly from point to point as in the heat of Summer. February was a glorious month. It was a month of dry and clean side-walks, of cool and bracing but not cold breezes, of beautiful sunny mornings, and the most soft and mellow sunsets. March then came, leading in the gentle Spring as if they were a pair of twin-born lambs, not afraid to go out and crop the coming flowers without the guardian presence of their dam. April has since shaken her big drops upon the well-showered earth. Winter has not once laid his head on the lap of May, and now June, the rosy goddess, with her head hanging heavily with her crown of young leaves and flowers, by sunlight and moonlight, dances with her train over every plain and hill. We have not seen Winter, indeed, since his visit of 1861-62, when he gave us his icy hand to shake in our war-tent on Virginia's sunny shore!

III. The proximate cause of this seeming miracle of fine weather can be very promptly stated. Our winds since the beginning of November have all been from the south-west, and have, therefore, been crowding forward the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and spreading them all over these northern seas. Never since the memory of man have the heated currents of the gulf been felt so decidedly around these frozen shores. Not only has the climate been reversed, but the fisheries in the north of Europe have been singularly affected. The old cold-water fish, known in these regions since the days of Odin, have been driven out, and new schools have been driven in by this rush of warm water from the south. A Gulf Stream shark has been caught in the river at Gottenburg, in Sweden, and another on the eastern shores of Denmark, and the fish from all these coasts, ordinarily as fine as any in the world, have produced such effects among the people that the Government has had to prohibit the introduction and sale of them in the markets of this capital.

IV. But the most remarkable effect of the fine weather has been witnessed in connection with the habits of the people. They have lived and enjoyed themselves out of doors. Rides into the country, rides upon the great parks, rides every-where and at all times of day and night, have been the leading occupation of all classes. A few times, in fact, in the month of January parties took it into their heads to have a boat-ride, as in Summer, on the bosom

of the Malar, and so, during the evenings of the full moon of that month, out darted the little steamers laden with the youth of Stockholm, who went forth to ride, and sing, and make themselves merry at the thought of turning January into June.

The Winter, however, has not been so entirely unlike all other Winters in regard to the customs of the Swedes as in respect to its high temperature. The Swedes always live much in the open air. They depend far less than Americans on the influence of fire to keep them warm. The houses in the cities are all built of brick or stone, the walls being very thick and plastered on both sides, and then the windows are made double, and the joints of the inner set tightly sealed by pasting white paper over the cracks so as actually to exclude the air. No house has doors opening directly upon the street. The street is shut off by large double doors, by which you are first admitted to a hall; from this hall you go to the outside double door of your own apartments, which are again protected from within by these double windows, and the arrangement is so perfect that the cold is almost entirely excluded, leaving but very little to be done by fire.

Two fires a day in the great porcelain towers heretofore described are quite ample in the coldest weather for the warming of a Swede; and the Swedes never form a circle around their stoves, as Americans do about their fireplaces, to enjoy the luxury of talking and keeping their knees warm. They sit in Winter, as Americans do in Summer, all about the room, or in several rooms opening into one another, on chairs and sofas without seeming to know or care where the little heat they have is kept. Nor do they appear to sit much within their houses. The women remain quite as much at home, perhaps, as in other countries, though they swarm at all times on every street; but the men are certainly more out of doors than the inhabitants of any country I have seen.

They are taught this habit from their cradles. I have seen nurses carrying small infants into the streets, and even wheeling them about in little wicker-covered wagons in the coldest weather we have had, and every day there are schools of little boys and girls, all dressed up in wools and furs, taking their exercise in the open air under the supervision of a servant maid.

Were it not for this habit the Swedes would scarcely be the robust and healthy people that they are, for they pay but little attention to the ventilation of their dwellings; but with this outdoor life they are wonderful for all the

elements of vigorous health. The males incline to be large, round, and full, their faces are plump and ruddy, and every thing about them is but a sign of strength and animation. The females, also, as a rule are in full health and strength; they are in general heavier than the sex of the United States; their cheeks are quite apt to be as red as cheeks have any right to be; and yet with all these facts in their favor, with only now and then an exception, the women of Scandinavia are not beautiful.

Sweeping statements, I know, are not often very correct, and are seldom philosophical; but I think I may say that the eyes of the Swedish ladies are generally a bad feature, and then there is a heaviness in their expression, a lack of that light and airy spirituality of feature so common to the ladies of our country, which renders them rather dull and unattractive. Like the females of every part of Europe, excepting those of Circassia and Georgia, the females of Sweden bear no comparison for beauty to those of the United States, while the males are, in general, as perfect a specimen of humanity as can be found in or out of Europe.

V. The reader who has been with me in all my perambulations will be at no loss to state the cause of this disparity in Sweden between the sexes. It is well known that education is a great refiner of the features, that a thorough training, and an intellect rendered sharp and lively by discipline and information will not fail to flash upon the face and exhibit themselves in every turn of the eye and in the most delicate movements of the countenance, and that years of this sort of influence of the soul upon the means and methods of expression will never fail to make a permanent impression for good on the lines of thought and feeling by which mankind are distinguished from one another. The most marked changes, indeed, are produced by education. The educated members of the same community, and even of the same family, are easily separated from those not educated; and if a class of persons, as often happens in these European countries, engross to themselves the means of culture, they come at last to a much more intellectual and attractive style of countenance than the common mass of their countrymen, from whom they have thus effected their departure.

We have only, therefore, to apply this well-established principle to the case in hand for the most satisfactory explanation of the fact mentioned. If education will work such results on the human countenance, and even upon the form and bearing, it is only to be

remembered that here in Sweden the female part of the population receives far less cultivation than the males. There are, of course, many individual exceptions, but as a rule every young man of gentle birth receives a good deal of intellectual training, and then another education in the way of acquiring the knowledge of some business. The female, on the other hand, even when possessed of the means of study, has far less motive for the improvement of her opportunities, and generally slides through the period of scholastic discipline without much mental cultivation.

I have seen here a few ladies of high culture, who, instead of constituting an exception against the principle here stated, have only proved the rule. The influence of study was evident before I heard them speak, and the moment their lips moved the refinements and graces of the soul, derived from this source, sparkled in their eyes, glowed in every movement of the face, and pervaded their whole persons, giving character—I had almost said thought and feeling—to every turn, attitude, and gesture. But this is far from being a general fact in regard to the females of Sweden. The mass of them, even among the higher orders, are without education. They are not so much as well informed. As to household matters they need to know but little, as their servants are expected to comprehend as well as to perform every thing in this connection. Public affairs they care nothing about, and do not pretend to understand them, for not only are many of their husbands and fathers excluded entirely from the ballot-box by the laws and customs of the country, but they themselves are still further removed by the rules of society from all acquaintance with such subjects.

Thus by custom, by the want of motive, and at last by indolence, they are quite shut out from intellectual influences and confined to the degrading tastes of dress, gossip, and what is here called society. The lady who can make the best figure at a ball, who can dance and laugh the most elegantly, may not know enough to give the geographical boundaries of her own country, nor be able to tell one great fact in the history of its progress, but her hand is sought for by every aspiring gentleman, and she is the envy of every less-favored lady. To make an impression upon the opposite sex by methods almost entirely unintellectual, is the business of the Swedish lady, and even after marriage she does not abandon her occupation. She has no knowledge of any other occupation; she has no taste for reading, to lend a moment's charm or even oblivion to the

dull monotony of her existence, and the consequence is, that a sort of dullness of look, a heavy flatness of expression, where all is flesh and blood without those intelligent gleams of mental animation always so attractive in a woman, is the ~~kind~~ of female beauty to be met with every-where in Sweden.

VI. If this is the general aspect of that part of the female population pertaining to the three gentle orders, the nobles, the clergy, and the citizens, which constitute not more than one-half of the entire population of the country, the reader would naturally expect far less of female beauty among the lowest and most numerous order known as peasants. Inasmuch, however, as the women of the kingdom are generally without much culture, those of the three higher classes have not much advantage in this particular of their less elevated sisters. As a general statement it is very evident to any traveler in Sweden that in their first years the female peasants have as many of the elements of physical beauty as their superiors. Indeed, I think it not at all unjust to say that generally they have better forms, more health, and consequently more beauty in these respects than the so-called ladies of the kingdom. The ladies suffer from the bad habits of high society. Their much dressing, and late suppers, and far later breakfasts, and resulting headaches, too often attempted to be drowned in strong drinks, together with their miserably idle, wearisome, good-for-nothing lives, soon undermine their constitutions and give them a broken and not unfrequently a bloated look about the face and eyes, thus divesting them entirely of their earlier charms. The peasant girls, on the contrary, are temperate, industrious, lively, and they grow up, as a consequence, with good forms, splendid health, and faces as fresh and ruddy as roses paying their first blushes to the morning sun. It must be added, however, that they seldom retain their complexions or their fine proportions many years. Their labors are too menial, too much in the fashion of the males for the retention of their first attractions to the period of even middle life. They not only do all the indoor service of the families, but nearly every thing also out of doors. Besides the labors of the kitchen and of the household generally, they purchase all the provisions for the table and bring them home; they bring water to the house from wells and cisterns in the streets; they carry up from below or down from the garret, oftentimes after cutting it themselves, the wood which the family consumes; they make all the fires of the house and keep them alive through the day and

night; they wash, scrub, iron, clean and mend every thing in connection with their charge; they cleanse their master's woolen garments—their coats, overcoats, and vests—pull off and on their boots, black their shoes, and the shoes and boots of the whole family, with the willingness of a boot-black in a third-rate hotel; they perform all disagreeable offices, suffer all exposures, submit to every degradation, then live on the coarsest fare, and sleep, when they sleep at all, on rags. Their sleep, it is true, is sweet, though brief.

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the downy pillow hard."

What rest they get performs a good service for them, but they must be up at all times of the day and night; they must rise many hours before their employers, and sit up till every individual has been let into the house from parties often protracted to the first hours of morning; and all this coarseness and irregularity of life seldom fail at last to stamp the impress of rusticity upon their features, though they do frequently retain their beauty longer than those they serve. Some of them, in fact, are strikingly good-looking. I have seen some carrying burdens on their heads along the streets who, even in their rustic dress, would make the finest subjects for the painter's brush. I have seen some in families, knocked about without mercy, who, if dressed like their mistresses, would far surpass them in all feminine attractions. As a rule, however, you can see care, watching, and rough labor stamped upon them, and there is no possibility of their rising to a better state, for they are born servants, and servants they must remain till death.

WHAT MONEY CAN DO.

MONEY, no doubt, is a power, but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a crowd of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not the voice of an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not the least one of all your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt—the terrors that crown the brows of death.

GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

THE character whose name stands at the head of this paper forms one of those uncommon summits of human power and endurance that stands a towering object of interest in the horizon of many lands and times. It is one of those bold promontories in the river of time that gives charm and beauty to human history, and hightens the loveliness of many an intervening landscape by its great and overshadowing silence.

Five hundred years ago it was not so easy as now to embalm the words, the thoughts, and deeds of men, and lay them away among the archives of the world's augmenting history. The art of printing had not made it possible for every common mind to bind up its thoughts in handsome octavos, and thus invite the eye of the million. There was not then as now an army of artists to photograph every living man whose shadow seems to run on to the future, or who has promise of living after he is dead. The men who have come down to us from those remote ages photographed themselves upon the language, the literature, and the social and political systems of the times in which they lived. They became a part of the ages in which they acted, and inscribed their own names upon the heights of human progress.

Geoffry Chaucer is supposed to have been born in the year 1328. Of his early life but little or nothing is known. The want of a literature in those early periods of English history has confined to narrow limits our knowledge of the events of those faintly-registered times. There were no Macaulays to cull the archives of the past, and lay them up in the solid masonry of enduring history; there was no newspaper press to gather up the incidents of the passing years, out of which future antiquarians might gather the fragments of the past, and reproduce for posterity the statues of the heroes of the olden time.

We must then be content with a very limited history of the life of England's first great poet. A few facts in connection with his history have been preserved in the public instruments of those times. He appears, by some means, to have come into favor with Edward III, and was made page to that able and successful monarch. The following is an entry made in the public documents of the year 1367: "To Geoffry Chaucer, the king's valet, to whom the Lord, the King, by his letters patent, lately granted twenty marks annually, to be received at the

Exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the same Lord, the King."

Afterward he rises to the rank of gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king. Two years afterward he was appointed on an embassy, with two others, to Genoa to negotiate for ships for a naval force, and the success of his mission secured him new and many tokens of kingly favor. He was appointed, on his return, partial controller of the customs of London, and received a pitcher of wine daily from the butler of the King.

In the year 1377 we find him employed in secret service on the continent, as envoy to the French Court, to secure the marriage of Richard, the King's grandson, to a French princess. Edward III, his friend and sovereign, died in 1377. The reign of this prince, embracing nearly fifty years, is regarded as one of the most brilliant in English history, and at this period the fine arts began to be much cultivated. Our poet and diplomatist married Philippa Rouet, one of the Queen's maids of honor, whose sister was wife of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III. By this powerful connection he retained his place in the royal favor under the new King Richard II. His income was now not less than a thousand pounds a year, and he was commissioned upon various urgent matters in different parts of the kingdom. Richard was deposed in 1399, but all his donations to Chaucer were confirmed by Henry IV, who, being a son of the Duke of Lancaster, stood in the relation of nephew by marriage to the poet.

Chaucer's great prosperity at one time, however, suffered a serious check. Being an adherent of the house of Lancaster, he had espoused the cause of Wycliffe; and soon after the accession of Richard II to the throne, Wycliffe and his party fell into fierce persecution, and he fled and remained for a time in Holland. On his return he was thrown into the Tower and imprisoned. He was at length released by impeaching some of his associates, an act which brought much obloquy to his otherwise fair fame. Chaucer died, Oct. 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Before we attempt to consider Chaucer in his chief character as a poet, let us glance at the state of English poetry prior to his time. At that early period the English language was only a rude and unfinished dialect. The higher classes of the clergy and laity were accustomed to use the French, and the learned wrote in Latin. The Saxons had a species of writing different from prose, which they called poetry; but it was not measured by syllables, nor embellished with rhyme; and there are no traces of meter

or rhyme till some years after the Conquest. To the Normans, then, are we indebted for the introduction of poetic forms into our language.

The age that produced Chaucer, however, was fertile in great names upon the continent. Petrarch and Boccaccio, among the brightest lights of Italian literature, were then in the full luster of their glory; and a visit of Chaucer to Petrarch, and an acquaintance with the works of Boccaccio are supposed to have had much to do in arousing the genius of the English poet. In his own land, however, he had no model, no great poet had preceded him, and it was for him, with the rude material of a Saxon and French conglomeration of idioms and forms, to nationalize his own language, and prepare the way for the grandest literature of time, and to make the Anglo-Saxon tongue a glorious temple, in which the ages should enshrine their noblest creations of genius, beauty, and skill.

The long-held high position of Chaucer at the Court of Britain gave him peculiar advantages for those studies of English manners in all classes that have given such a charm to his poetry. In the perusal of his pages we are transferred back to the gallant and grotesque times of our Saxon forefathers. As a courtier and traveler, he is a merry-hearted and spirited character, at ease in the favor of royalty and greatness.

The work upon which the fame of Chaucer chiefly rests is that of the Canterbury Tales. These tales suppose a party of twenty-nine persons assembled at an inn in Southwark, on their way to Canterbury. They agree that each one of the company shall recite one tale on the way to Canterbury, and one on the return; and that he who shall recite the best tale shall be treated by the rest to a supper at their return to the inn. These persons present as great a variety of character as possible, from the middle walks of English life. These tales, like the works of Shakspeare, are a reflection of the social and private character of the classes they represent. They set ajar the doors of the past, and we look in upon the costumes, the amusements, the foibles, and the social habits of a by-gone age. We get an inside view of early British life, and see how men spoke and acted in their varied characters and manners.

From the great changes which have obtained in the language, it is with difficulty that Chaucer can be read. The rules of versification which he observed in poetic composition are now unknown. Great efforts have been made by the lovers of English literature to bring out of their morning twilight the works of the great bard, and throw upon them the light of modern criticism. With the aid of glossary and notes

the patient reader may revel in the fertile fancies and antique beauties of the father of English poetry.

The name of Chaucer stands almost alone in the age in which he lived. For more than a century after him no other great poet appeared. His works at the present time present more interest to literary antiquarians and philologists than to general readers. The age in which Chaucer wrote was one of corrupt taste, and a refined morality is sometimes offended in reading his pages. Like a fountain encavered far in the hills, he is visited only by the ardent and curious, who, by the torch-lights of science and research, grope along the dark passages of the past, and in silence look upon the flashing of his gushing waters, or slake their thirst amid the murmurings of his strange and antique measures. From the lonely beauty and mystery of Chaucer what wonderful strides has English literature made toward universal supremacy over the human intellect! With King James's translation of the Bible, with Milton, and Shakspeare, how has the English language entranced the ear of a world, or startled slumbering humanity to the swift march of progress! Laws written in Anglo-Saxon give direction and strength to the mightiest political forces of the world. Truth preached in plain English words falls loudest, clearest upon the ear of an unregenerate world. Liberty, in simple Anglo-Saxon, is sounding the notes of jubilee to the enslaved nations.

Bard of the olden time! thy "well of English undefiled" has overleaped the curb-stone of thy sunny verse, and in the broad channel of English literature bears on its bosom the noblest fruits of science, the brightest trophies of civilization, and the sweetest tokens of promise to the world's opening future.

THE ORGAN OF LIVING SENSIBILITY.

It was long supposed that the brain was the only organ of living sensibility, but an eminent physician, Dr. Lee, discovered, and it is one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age, that the heart is the seat of nervous sensibility in the highest degree, and, therefore, that the Bible, when it speaks of the heart-broken, the heart-sorrowing, the heart-grieving, the heart-bleeding, does not use language unwarranted by physiological science, but what the recent discoveries of that science have demonstrated to be literally true; ripe science falling into harmony with fixed and sure revelation.

AN ESSAY ON PREACHING.

BY REV. A. D. FIELD.

TO be called of God to make known the plan and conditions of salvation to mortal men is to be called to the highest and most responsible position of this earth's life; and the question as to how this mission can be most successfully performed is one fraught with interest to every man who attempts to proclaim the will of God. There are errors to be displaced; truths to be inculcated; sins to be held up in truthful light; drooping hopes to be encouraged; doubting penitents to be lifted on wings of faith, and a world of work to be done, which men must be all but inspired to perform. The Redeemer would make himself known to those who are in thrall through his own appointed agents; and who of these agents, with success, shall open up his Christ-given mission among unbelieving men? The influence of a popular preacher is such as is possessed by no other development of talent. A great mind swaying a vast concourse by discussion of most exalted themes, is a sight upon earth upon which angels look with interest.

As to the best mode of preaching there can be no fixed rules. Those who most succeed are often those who most break over the canons of the books on preaching. It is a very easy matter to tell how to preach, but not so easy to preach effectually; it is a very easy thing to pick a sermon to pieces that has swayed a concourse, but not so easy to produce a better. The best rule to judge of preaching is to observe which sort accomplishes most, and which preacher has most success. The speaking eye, the dropping tear in the audience are better guides than all the rules of modern stoics. When all preach alike there will be a stagnating monotony! We want nothing to do with Procrustean bedsteads in the pulpit! All men called of God to bear his message have their place, their day, and their work. There are different men of different works. One is a shrewd, calculating, statesman-like man; another is emotional and eloquent. It might be a grand stroke of policy to put these into some furnace-cauldron to be brought out one new man; but we must be content to take men as we find them in this variegated world. There is also a variety in the minds of our congregations—the logical and business-like, the proper and the sentimental, the poetic and the practical all meet together in every church. No one minister can adjust his discourses to suit and profit all these varying minds. One preacher will only run—may we not say providentially—into logical ar-

gument; another into exhortation; yet another into illustrations, incidents, or word painting. These all are correct modes of presenting truth. One can best go out in the armor of Saul, while another may fitly choose the sling of David. The object is not to win persons to any man, but to Christ! and to make the little world in which the preacher moves better for his presence. There are the topical and textual modes of preaching. The textual is the one true mode for some men, the topical for others. Young preachers, generally, are textual; but the different items of the text soon become so enlarged in the treatment that one item serves for a discourse, and the preacher becomes, whether he will or no, a topical preacher. Besides, it is of importance to treat most subjects thoroughly. This can only be done by taking one theme as a subject of discourse.

If one wishes to study effective styles, the best place is to sit beneath the pulpit at camp meeting. There will be much gained, also, by listening to our most effective temperance lecturers, and even our political stump orators. Far be it from me to advise any to copy the scurrility and slang of the rostrum; but let us ask the secret of the success of these popular orators? Why can candidates often move the mass into surges like waves of the sea? Chiefly because they speak as man to man in that real, earnest manner the rules for which common-sense lays down.

The first preparation for the pulpit I would name is a well-cultivated mind. Alas for us, when we become all intellect, and lose our souls! Of all men Methodist preachers need souls! But emotions alone are weak forces to set up against the sophistic skepticisms of the men of these days. Some of us are wont to deride doubters, sneering at them as though they were idiots. There are skeptics that are not idiots—men who can not be convinced with either a shout or a sneer. To meet these soul and lung powers will not answer—we must meet them with a sanctified mental force. How is this mental power to be attained? Men rarely ever rise above their teachers. Can the mind of the man increase in acumen by reading solely the loose and light literature of the day? We can not rise above our teachers; how necessary, then, that our masters be far above us! We need to see before us some height to which the mind can stretch itself. We talk a great deal in the pulpit of the responsibility of parents in training their children—it is as important a matter that we learn to train ourselves. We are our own educators; how necessary that we as ministers should seek true models! Preachers often keep

the manners of their first presiding elders through life. Despite ourselves we will take form and manner from the men we hear and the books we read. Who can listen to Bishop Simpson, or Ames, or Dr. Durbin, and not go away resolving to preach differently and better? In educating ourselves for the pulpit there are three qualifications to be gained. First, power—mental and of the Holy Spirit; second, knowledge; third, skill.

By power I mean a capacity to do, or to think for ourselves. This is generally what men possess when we accord them originality. Many consider education to be filling the mind with information: this is only a part. A fountain should be opened within us—the mind must be developed. What made Newton great? Was it the treasures of information? He said, when questioned upon the subject, he had been *thinking*. He sat down musing under the tree, and the falling apple was the hint from which he developed the law which holds the spheres in their courses. The public speaker who relies upon what he culls from books, may bring from them, now and then—give him time—feasts for his hearers; but the stock will run out, and he will be as any other man. But let him go forth strong in his own individual power, and the genius of his mind will prove a constant guide. He will stand up burdened with prepared thoughts, which will come forth more warm and more energetic because they are the children of his own brain. Place him within prison walls, he will find words that will go out to thrill the hearts of the people and to jostle the world! Bunyan had power—Bishop Simpson and Dr. Dempster have power. The idea that our early ministers were uneducated is erroneous. School education, like Peter, they had little of; but the education of the mind was a qualification most of them possessed. They came in contact with the hydra-headed isms of their day, and after tilting a few years with these, it were a wonder if they did not become men.

But to power the minister should also add knowledge; and no school is better than that of observation. A Methodist preacher should go through the world with his eyes open! Many professors in German colleges—may I add American?—can tell the dress and manners, to the slightest minutiae, of the ancient Greeks, who know little of the manners and customs around them. They shut themselves up with their books, and know little of the real world. At a Conference in 1860, Bishop Janes remarked that he should be ashamed of the Methodist preacher who was ignorant of the doings of

Garibaldi, at that time in Italy, when he was taking Naples for Victor Emmanuel.

But, most of all, the preacher needs skill—he must know how to use his knowledge. Many a speaker who has fine thoughts fails because he lacks the power of expression. Of what avail is a costly, polished, silver-mounted rifle if the barrel be a little bent? Style is almost every thing. Manner is often not only a substitute for matter, but matter itself. How many a 'cute' tone that could in no manner be printed has brought out the cheers! In our popular works commonplace ideas are painted in such colors we are delighted. A common event, as the coming of a storm, the pouring of the waterfall, the riding on a river, has won us with the beauty of description. We have heard eloquent men thrill an audience by quoting a familiar line, as,

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!"

The preacher may well pray, with Byron,
"O that I could wreak my thoughts upon expression!"

The man of thought and information, who can speak only in rough, rash language, comes into company and is passed by; while another, who talks of what he knows in an easy manner, will please all around him. Fine talk is not always capability—the parrot can talk. But in vain the minister's knowledge if he can not give easy expression to his thoughts; and those hours are not wasted which are spent by the minister in learning to speak well. Many a splendid man proves a failure from some slight defect. Many have fallen into the habit of entering the pulpit with no determination as to the subject of the day—they wait the inspiration of the hour to suggest a subject. There are times and occasions when God, for special purposes, directs the mind of the preacher to a particular subject; but to rely upon this inspiration is to be a pulpit slattern. This is making a desecration of inspiration. Robert Hall said the first, second, and third requisite for the pulpit is preparation.

"From the day when I began to feel impressions of duty," a certain minister says in his experience, "I began to make every thing bend to the one great purpose. I was young and untaught, and no person need wonder if I accepted many erroneous notions. I intended to become wholly devoted to one work. I carefully abstained from all reading that did not treat directly upon religious subjects. All my reading was of this one-sided nature. When the time drew near that I should make preparation to enter the work, I made known my hopes and desires to my class-leader. He was a prominent man in political and editorial life, and had with a warm Christian soul. In the course of con-

versation one afternoon I informed him of my course of reading. He objected to it at once. 'Such a course,' said he, 'will lead to one-idealism. In these days a minister, or any one however, that would have influence, must be a man of general intelligence. The preacher will need this intelligence in the pulpit, but much more in social life; besides, it is a great benefit to the mind to grasp all knowledge.'

"Upon this hint I thenceforth acted. From that day there has been nothing in the world of intelligence beyond my search. I allow myself to be ignorant of few subjects that are lawful for a minister to understand; and whenever I find somewhat beyond my knowledge, I go about like an inquisitive Yankee, learning as fast as I can. I read all kinds of books that are not immoral or nonsensical. If I sit down with a physician, I am at home in allopathy, homeopathy, or senseopathy. In political matters, and affairs of the great world—its geography and every-day history—I expect to keep posted. In literature I feel at home.

"This was one lesson I learned; suffer me to refer to another. In the course of three or four years' traveling I saw several popular, oratorical preachers who could do nothing but preach: they almost entirely omitted the work of a Methodist preacher. The course of these men threw me into the opposite extreme. I concluded it was not much matter how a man preached if he paid good attention to all other duties. In exalting pastoral visiting I forgot the importance of preaching. My sermons were generally impromptu harangues, and yet all the time I was grumbling about my poor appointments, and vexed that I did not succeed. Presiding elders got my ill will, while all the time it was myself needed flagellation. At last J. V. Watson, in a series of articles in the North-Western on Ministerial qualification, penned this sentence: 'After all, it is the chief duty of the preacher to *preach*. His great commission embodies this idea; and while pastoral visiting and such like works are incidental, to *preach* is, after all, the great work of those called of God.'

"Why, I asked myself, had I never looked at the matter in this light before? I had wasted, at least as far as myself was concerned, five or six years as a 'hewer of wood' in the mere drudgeries of circuit work, and now for the first time realized that to preach was to be my first aim."

There are three kinds of preachers. Those who preach from the head; they are logical and generally sensible, but cold and perfect as ice statues. You might as well listen to a

statue reading the examples of Euclid. Those who preach, as the saying goes, from the heart; there is zeal, and warmth, and pathos, but often it is the warmth, and zeal, and pathos of a fanatic—"Sound signifying nothing"—

"Ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather or to drown a fly"—

a mountain trembling at the issue of a mouse. The true preacher; he strikes out thoughts from the brain, deep thoughts, studied thoughts, logical thoughts, religious thoughts, and sends these to the tongue by way of the warm blood of the heart, thence to issue upon listening ears glowing, radiant, impulsive, sometimes sublime. The preaching of such a one is zealous, logical, and warm.

We turn next to some thoughts upon preparation for the pulpit. Originality, pure and simple, none of us can lay claim to. The doctrine of innate ideas has never been established; we must receive all we have from without. Originality generally finds its sphere in adjusting to the best advantage the truths we learn from the outer world. The line between originality and plagiarism can never be definitely defined. There is no limit-line which we may approach without danger of going over. The truest guide we may find in this matter is our own good sense. Most thoughts or sermons come from hints received, which we work out into different or fuller form.

"I get my sermons," says one, "from all sources. The other day I was reading an article in Blackwood on Religious Memoirs. The article asserted that these memoirs always rely for most of their interest upon the happy death of the subject. The writer went on to show that the Christian life is of more importance than a happy death. From this hint at once a useful sermon took form in my mind—topic: The Christian Life. I. The *life* of the Christian is more important than his death. II. In what does a noble Christian life consist? III. Motives to this life. Here was the sermon. I set to work looking for a text, and chose, 'The life I now live I live by faith of the Son of God.'"

We find here two facts: had this preacher never read Blackwood he would, doubtless, never have preached that sermon; there was little plagiarism, for he received but the one hint—the life is of more importance than the death. As in this instance, so in all others—the elaboration and filling up must be done by each man for himself. The world, with its books, and sermons, and thought, is open every-where to every man. All these things, books, sermons, libraries, whatever you will, are but piles of

debris, from which diligent men may bring forth pure gold.

There are three kinds of borrowers. One from the *cyclopedias* will borrow what he deems a fine sketch, which in the pulpit he will strive to fill out into a sermon. Another will take a sermon entire, and, committing it to memory, recite it verbatim. Another—and this one belongs to a numerous class—is of those who shine as orators, men who bring us glittering generalities instead of the Gospel. They search for beautiful scraps of poetry, for passages from Beecher, from Bascom, from the newspapers, from the noted preachers, some even from the last novel, and laying these silver blocks into beautiful mosaic give us gorgeous declamation, starry scintillations, rockety flights, and Summer-cloud fancies. Beautiful, very beautiful sermons these, but of what avail? These men draw a crowd, but what else do they ever accomplish? All these fearfully wrong themselves. The evil lies in two results: First, the preacher will take little interest in his recitations. They will become stale and soulless. And who of us does not know what a dreary place the pulpit becomes when we have no interest in the subjects we discuss? These men glitter for a while, then fag and fade. When youthful vigor, and fancy, and eloquence are gone, and nothing is left the unfortunate one but the dead, borrowed bones, he will wake up, alas! too late, to the truth that his mind has become a vapid blank, a husk, and he is fit only, as Bishop Janes says, with retired business men to go up to heaven as soon as possible. There is an originality and freshness about one's own thoughts, provided not too often repeated, that is exhilarating to the mind. The man who rises burdened with these will feel a glow which will be like an inspiration. And who does not know that mind-power, like muscular, is developed by exercise? A poet of genius may get the weight of gold upon his wings, and, trembling earthward, sink into the dust to be forgotten. If we wish the mind to accomplish great things we must take hold of great things till equal to them. Still water stagnates. Let the preacher commence to rely upon *cyclopedias*, books of sermons, or even upon his own old sermons, and what is there to give him any increase of mental power? He does no thinking, others have thought for him; he produces no new thoughts or combinations of thought; he finds these as he does his coat—ready made. Better to rely on one's own efforts than upon *cyclopedias*.

I did design at this point to enter somewhat upon the subject of reading sermons, but if we

have observed correctly, the practice of reading is being abated in the Church, at least we find few in the Methodist Church who are so forgetful of nature and the power of the eye and the influence of the inspiration of the hour—not on matter but on manner—as to bind themselves to a written manuscript.

No more now upon this matter; but there is another practice I dislike more than reading—that compromise between reading and preaching which seems to be quite generally adopted by our young men—the using of notes in the pulpit. It would be far better, I think, to read entire or to speak without notes than to adopt this mongrel manner, which has all the faults of the other two manners with faults of its own, while it has none of the virtues of the other styles. I have no fine scruples here; it is wholly a matter of taste and effectiveness, and upon this ground alone would I rest a plea. I never heard an effective preacher who relied upon notes. Amid a glow of extemporaneous oratory a speaker will come to a dead halt while looking to his paper for a new clew, and when well on the wing again the afflatus will fail, and down sweeps the orator for a new start; and the down-coming is not a graceful curve, but is as the fall of a broken-winged bird. There are few sketches of sermons of proper length but can easily be committed to memory when once a person has acquired the habit. With notes the shoulders are bent, the voice pressed, the manner stiff, while from habit the eye is turned downward in search of thought. Without notes the body is erect, the voice full and sustained, the manner natural, and when the soul once gets on wing there are no paper trammels to bring it down from its flight. Away with this stooping heresy! I have heard many of our best preachers with notes and without them; under these different circumstances it were not easy to tell that it was one and the same person. When they have preached without notes congregations have been elated; when with notes people have yawned. If I were to name what seems to me the most crying evil of the Methodist pulpit I should point to the writing upon the Bible, which ought to be written upon the tablets of the mind. There should never be less preparation or fewer notes, but more committing of leading propositions, leaving the wording to be suggested by the warm impulses that an audience and the greatness of one's mission inspires. When the outlines of a discourse are well fixed in the mind, then let the preacher seek his inspiration, or, more properly speaking, the help of the Spirit of God. Pursuing such a course,

the thoughts of a preacher will come flowing like molten silver from the alembic of his own brain. The first and great rule to attain eloquence is to have something to say. The excitement of originality and the impulses of the spirit will strike out sparks from the mind that will astonish the speaker and give him ever repeated new strength to grapple with subjects fitting the pulpit. Pursuing such a course the preacher will feel that he is growing in mental stature every year, and will feel when gray hairs begin to whiten his brow that he is yet young, and renewing his strength, like the eagle, will live on as a man of life and thought.

I desire to conclude this article with a few thoughts upon the proper subjects of preaching. When we go to hear preaching propriety would suggest that the preacher should preach us the Gospel. We do not expect to hear the Gospel at the lyceum. Too often the lyceum and the pulpit come together. We do expect to hear the Gospel from the pulpit. Our expectations are not always realized, however. When we desire lectures upon philosophy we go to the proper place; we go to church to be taught the way of life. Mere worldly, scientific lectures we deem out of place in the pulpit; as much out of place as wit at a funeral, or dogs at church, or Church members at a dance. What do we esteem the Gospel to be? A presentation of hope through the Redeemer to our troubled, storm-tossed souls. There is no theme so befitting the pulpit as Christ. Not that there needs to be a continual change rung on that dear name, but that he shall be the central point around which other incidental truths may gather. Look into the heavens on a moonlight night. The stars shine in their beauty. Pleiades and Orion sparkle upon us as upon Job in days of old. And the gem-set milky-way spreads its broad thoroughfare over the gorgeous expanse. Amid all this the silver moon is the central figure. It would be all somber and monotonous were every thing but the moon to disappear. We have the twinkling stars, but all is mellowed by the dim and solemn light of the moon's silver beams. Round the heavens that overarch the pulpit stars of religious truth shine out gems of truth and golden precept, but all should be mellowed by the reflections of the Star of Bethlehem.

"One star alone of all the train
Can catch the sinner's wandering eye."

A man of orthodox views, and yet not a professor of religion, was in the habit of hearing Mr. Cotting, a preacher of the Parker school. This man remarked to a friend, "I love to hear Mr. Cotting, and should go to the hall often if

he would only call his discourses lectures; but to call such stuff the Gospel is nonsense." Whenever the people heard Cicero they went away praising the orator; when they heard Demosthenes they flew out crying, "Let us fight Philip!" When Patrick Henry delivered the speech which from time immemorial has been the crack speech of the school readers, instead of cheers there ran over the room in murmurs, like whispered thunder, "To arms! to arms!" So should the preacher exalt not himself, but the Savior. When we go to the observatory we do not go to view and admire the telescope, but through its aid to see the brilliant stars. What is the minister but a man of dust, whose finger should point to the day-spring? There are many sermons that would be vastly improved by the addition of a little religion. It is not theatrical clap-trap, it is not an exhibition of sky-rockets that brings permanent congregations and saves souls. It is deep, sincere, intelligent earnestness, and a worthy subject that can win our hearts. Nor do we need one Gospel for the poor and another for the rich. Sinners are sinners, with the same wicked hearts driving them downward, whether they are besmitten with coal dust or glitter with gold. There is no royal road to geometry nor royal pill-box. The mind of the plow-boy and that of the noble must alike grapple with calculations ere they are geometers, and the medicine that heals a beggar is requisite to heal a king. All must alike sit learning at the feet of Jesus. But while Christ and the balm of Gilead are central themes, mere harangues are not sufficient. In this day, when the thoughts and influences of A. J. Davis and Parker are rife, and sometimes rampant, mere exhortations will not do. Why is it that new schemes, like Mormonism and spiritualism, find ready adherents? It has been because our preaching has been of the staid, stereotyped kind upon the love of God, and the duties of a Christian life, and the joys of heaven, while those fundamental truths upon which an orthodox stability is based have not been presented to the people. Our people should be led to think. Every new ism that comes up succeeds by presenting plausible theories which have no foundation. If the mass of the people were only led to the one great truth, that facts and experience are the truest test of truths and not our fancies, then they would the sooner see the fallacy of these fine-spun theories. Should not our preachers, in the warm spirit of the Gospel, present deep foundational truths and not always merely good love-feast talk? The revivalist has, by his own proceedings, argued himself into

the belief that sensational revival-preaching is the only true kind. There are two views. I stand before a congregation. This, I think, may be the last time I shall address some of them. Some of them may never hear another Gospel sermon. Shall I not preach as though it were my last? Again, the congregation before me have crude notions. There are many things in faith, in their views of life, that hinder them from taking a proper course. The young are before me who are forming religious characters. If I exhort this congregation in revival style it may be more effective to-day, but these exhortations must be ever repeated. I must follow the people through every trial, and exhort them to shun this evil or that error. May I not better give them comprehensive views of Scripture truths which shall serve them as an abiding safeguard? The first of these views is fit for revivalists and revival times; the last for the pastor in his regular ministrations. It is a great thing to be a successful minister of the Cross. May there be a numerous company of them!

NOT FOR US.

BY LUCILLA CLARK.

"Not for us the times of fullness in that record fair and new;
They who sit where black clouds gather never feel the falling dew;
Still for us the fatal valor, still for us the strife and pain;
Life is brief; what doth it profit that our loss be sometime gain?
Not for us the harvest sunshine, and the calm of Summer peace;
We who sow in blood and anguish shall not reap the rich increase."
Speaking thus, I saw beside me how a late rose, frail and fair,
Spread in sweet faith all its petals to the chill September air;
While one answered, calmly smiling, pointing where the setting sun
Lighted still the distant mountains, while the vales were chill and dun,
"Here we two sit in the shadow—but the compensation's clear—
Wait our brothers for the morning only half-way round the sphere.
Know you not the Summer harvest is the growth of buried grain?
And that all serenest gladness is the birth of rarest pain?
Know you not how many chieftains in each fatal siege must fall
Ere at last, with shouts, the victors scale the frowning castle wall?

Life is brief, yet how shall mortals bargain what that life shall be?
At the best a lost drop seeking still the vast, eternal sea—
Shall that small drop drip unnoticed down some cavern dark and low?
Or, a jewel, shine resplendent in the radiant Summer bow?
Duty done with valiant purpose, naught remains for me or 'you';
Knowing that through all confusions God will keep the balance true.
Let us be content then; for, since each is but a part of all,
What at last will be the difference whether we shall rise or fall?
What does he with vain distinctions of the greater and the less,
Who beholds the secret order of our aimless restlessness?
What does He who, through the ages, scans beginning, middle, end,
With our selfish reservations hoping payment while we lend?
If He robe one race in sackcloth, one shall still in honor shine;
If He grind one generation, shall the next not drink the wine?
Though some shining threads of silver through his fatal fabric flow,
Figures dipped in dyes of darkness in the shifting pattern grow.
In the building of the ages now and then a stone will fall,
Crushing half a groaning million, but the rest will raise the wall;
And how many will remember, in the joy of peaceful years,
How we laid our block securely with cement of blood and tears;
For in all time's contradictions never die the brave and true:
He who gives his life a ransom, in the ransomed lives anew;
He who falls for fallen freedom, howsoever low he lies,
Shall not fail of resurrection in the glory of her rise.
See the mountains, still and stately—gray old granite, grim with scars—
Through a million fiery ages struggling up to reach the stars;
What was all their earthquake passion, all the tumult of their pain,
To the grandeur of their calmness, to the glory of their gain?
What are all our selfish strivings, all our commonplace contents,
All our petty plans of progress in the face of such events?
What need now of worldly wisdom, song of poet, word of sage?
Silent do your deeds of daring—God is speaking through the age."

A WIFE FOR OUR MINISTER.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

"I WONDER why our preacher do n't get married."

This remark had passed more than one pair of lips during his "first year," and now that he was returned to us, it was uttered with more interest than ever. We were tired of having the parsonage rented. A class of anxious, worrying people lacked a safe reservoir for their complaints. Good, motherly souls felt that one outlet of kind thinking and doing was shut up while the minister had no wife, to be helped over hard places, and no children to wear out little socks and pinafores, and devour doughnuts and choice apples.

Why had n't he attended to this matter sooner? He was old enough—not far from thirty, certainly—good enough, fine looking enough, to please any reasonable girl. The gossips had given the subject due attention, but all to no purpose. Perhaps a certain gay lady, a lawyer's wife, in a neighboring city, could have enlightened them. Let us listen to her.

"Why, Carrie, I thought when I was here before you were going to have that dominie—what was his name? Cold—, Cold—"

"Coldon. O, that was only a little flirtation! Let 's see—six—seven years ago, was n't it? Harry, Harry, mamma 'll give you to the black man if you do n't stop pulling Doodie's ears. I do n't remember what we did quarrel about—some little thing—O yes, going to a dance. He was too mopy and bookish for me, though. Great minister's wife I'd make," glancing at her gay, pretty self in a large mirror.

That was her view of the matter. His was given only once—upon a lonely Autumn night, sitting by his invalid sister in the old home. He drew aside a veil, and gentle, tender tears, and weary, heavy tears fell like the dull November rain upon a grave. What if she were unworthy, he had robed her with the sacred vestments that belong to the ideal of a pure, noble man, and a part of his life was laid in that grave. You echo her last sentence, do you? "Great minister's wife!" Carrie Delmont had what Coldon lacked, the sparkling wine of animal life—gaiety—vivacity. She had energy enough, too, and with grace to renew, and purify, and develop the truth and earnestness of her soul, she might have made her life-history more noble—his more joyous.

When your warm, vital, social men find their first full cargo of love and hope dashed upon

the rocks, after a few days of bitterness they gather the fragments from the beach and put to sea again, and, ten chances to one, they set vigorously about getting the very name they execrate—flirt. When your still, serious men meet with a similar mishap, they suffer more deeply, endure more quietly, and decide more firmly, that women are not to be trusted. Then they wed business or books.

Our friend Coldon found no canon of clerical celibacy to take refuge in. His friends would insist upon another venture in this dubious lottery. Yes, our minister must be married—this was the Bellville vote. But to whom—that was the question. We 'll let him discuss the matter himself. He and James Bell were close friends. One evening they were sitting together in Coldon's study.

"A queer notion some of these folks are getting about me," said the minister, balancing his chair on its hind legs and resting his feet upon the rim of the stove. "They 're talking to me every few days about getting married. I do n't know but they 'll have the thing all arranged before I know it."

"That would save you a deal of trouble, I suppose you think," said Bell.

"I should n't fancy the arrangement, though. I 'd rather attend to the courtship myself than leave it to a committee."

"Whom do they think of marrying you to?"

"Ann Maria Hall is talked of for me," said Coldon, with a quiet smile.

"Well, are you going to have her?"

"O, I do n't know. Got to have somebody, I suppose. Ann Maria 's a good, efficient girl. You know she always goes ahead in the Soldiers' Aid Society, and in missionary collecting, and tract distributing, and all that."

"Well, Coldon, as you do n't happen to be either a hospital of sick soldiers, or a missionary or tract society, there may possibly be other considerations."

"Mrs. Dunn tells me," said the minister in a half-indifferent way, like a boy reciting a dull lesson, "that Ann Maria 's a splendid house-keeper—a good cook. Mrs. White insists that she 's a superb economist, an important qualification for a minister's wife, you know. Mrs. Wells says that Ann Maria never gets into any trouble with her tongue—knows how to mind her own business—a bit of knowledge that laymen's wives may or may not have, but indispensable to a pastor's wife."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I do n't know as I can do any better. They all seem to have decided that she 's the one."

"And they 'll all have to live with her," said

Bell, arching his brows and nodding his head significantly.

Coldon laughed. "Well, James, tell me what to do."

"And you'll go right on and do precisely as you choose."

"Try me again. Tell me what you think, any way."

"Well, sir, I think you'd better get married and put an end to this everlasting talk. You can't look at a girl when you come to an exclamation point in your sermon but the possibilities and probabilities must be discussed all next week; and then I do n't think any man's exactly finished without a good wife. You want to go at the matter religiously; you do n't need me to tell you that. 'A good wife is of the Lord,' and like all other mercies must be asked for; and after the asking you need n't sit down and wait for some modest, sensible woman to come and offer herself to you, or for some self-constituted committee of meddlers to march in and argue you into a sense of her suitability. So much for my firstly, and I presume it's like the exordium of some sermons, entirely uncalled for."

"You're inclined to be practical, I see. Go on."

"Secondly, then, you're a man, and do n't want to marry a parcel of proprieties or a bundle of efficiencies, but you want a live, true-hearted woman. The strong, heavy currents of her soul must run in the same direction with yours—the light, eddying surface-waves directly opposite to yours. You must prefer her to all the women in the world—you can't for the life of you tell why."

"You speak like one having experience," said Coldon smilingly.

Bell nodded. "A man must use common-sense in these matters."

"Some people who are accredited sensible act very stupidly in such affairs," said the minister.

"Come, be a little more specific in your directions." Bell looked into the fire musingly a little while. "You're no woman-worshiper," he said at length. "As I said before, you do n't want a bunch of efficiencies, already weighed, measured, and inventoried, for you to count over every day. You want a woman of capabilities for you to discover and bring out, and you'll have a feeling, as the years go by, 'I got a good bargain in this woman. She's mine by the right of discovery.' You'll have that sense of comfort a man would have if he'd bought a good, fair pasture lot and found a small gold mine tucked away in one corner of it. You're inclined to work too steadily and

too hard: you need a cheery, chirping, sunshiny woman, who would sing, and laugh, and be glad, and make you happy and rested before you know it. Of course if she had common-sense and religion, she'd know when to be sedate and dignified. You'd be wonderfully improved, and would last at least ten years longer if you had a good ration of sunshine and gladness every day. There was George More; you know him. He was our pastor eight or ten years ago. Lorin Smith married his widow. She's one of your workers—tough and elastic as whalebone. Well, sir, she just worked More into his grave. He needed relaxation and cheerfulness, but it was just work, work, night and day. They accomplished a great deal for the Church, but his vitality wore out, and typhoid fever finished him. She was very kind—never crowded him; but her unresting energy would be a perpetual rebuke to any man unless he was on the double quick every minute. She has the right man now. Brother Smith'll be all the better for the lash; but I verily believe if you had such a woman you'd die or superannuate within five years."

"The said Ann Maria belongs to this species of the genus," said Coldon playfully, "to-wit, the workers; therefore, unless the aforesaid Coldon wishes to limit his term of ministerial effort he must not espouse the damsel aforementioned."

"Right," said Bell, helping himself to an apple from the table.

"We all make sad mistakes, you know," said Coldon, testing the mellowness of the greenings with his thumb, and selecting one.

Bell threw his apple-paring into the fire. "Yes, disastrous ones; and it remains to be seen whether Sir Oracle will be as wise for himself as he is for others. My opinion is, when a man has come to full age, and his heart-gear is sound and healthy, these matters will generally adjust themselves; but after a disaster or two, and a few years' insight into the difficulties of the case, he'll have to use his reason to the best advantage. You know Elton?"

"Yes, met him at Conference."

"He preached for us two years. A brilliant fellow—splendid talents. Every body was completely carried away with him. People used to say, What a pity he had such a plain wife, so inferior to him! There was no end to the shaking of heads about it. I, of course, thought as the rest did. But I boarded with them a few weeks one Winter. One night Elton came in a regular furor. Good old father Perkins had been giving him some of his rough, wholesome counsel, and he had flared up about it. He was n't going to stand it, not he. He knew

what he could do—and then he proceeded to give utterance to sundry harsh expressions not found in the Gospels. When he had cooled down a little, Mrs. Elton spoke so quietly, and kindly, and yet so strongly, it started me a little. 'My little woman,' thought I, 'the folks do n't quite understand your value in this concern. You're the balance-wheel of this institution, unless I'm mistaken.' When prayer time came, Elton began to hang back a little and look rather sheepish, but she just marched him up to the Bible, which lay open upon the stand, to a chapter in Peter about patience and long-suffering. He read and asked her to pray—he did n't feel very devotional evidently. Such a prayer as she made! They'd often found fault with her old-fashioned prayers. Now she took hold of the case with a strong hand, and when she got to the amen, Elton began, like a whipped child, sobbing, and confessing, and the next day he went to father Perkins and asked forgiveness."

A rap at the door interrupted Bell. Coldon answered it.

"How do you do, Doctor? Walk in."

"How are you, Mr. Coldon? How are you? Bell, you here? The inseparables, eh? Glad you come in to bother Coldon now and then. He needs a spry little wife to buzz about his ears and pull his whiskers. He'll study himself to death if some one does n't look after him. Your fire feels comfortable, Mr. Coldon," stretching his hands over the stove and rubbing them together.

The minister placed a chair near the fire. "Have a seat, Doctor?"

"No, thank you, sir, thank you. Can't stop a moment. Saw a light as I was going by; thought I'd drop in. Sort of miscellaneous committee, sir, to stir folks up generally. One of your little Sunday school chaps is down with diphtheria—it would do them a world of good if you'd run in once in a while. Guess none of your folks have been in except Sarah Denver; she's worth a nation of common sick visitors, though."

Coldon drew his memorandum-book from his pocket in an energetic, business-like way. "The name, if you please, Doctor."

"Johnnie O'Carn, Canal-street."

"Johnnie O'Carn, Canal-street," repeated the minister slowly as he wrote.

"How is widow Denver, Doctor?" asked Bell.

"Poorly, sir, poorly enough. She won't last longer than Spring. Poor Sarah! it'll be a tremendous blow for her when the old lady goes. But then she's as brave as Bonaparte, with all

her meek ways. Stood her brother's death like a major, did n't she, though? You remember, Coldon, young Captain Denver from this place, killed at Antietam? A noble fellow. A man, every inch of him. They thought the world of each other—her only brother, you see, and all their dependence. Wish, Coldon, your Church members were all like her—there'd be more of a chance for us poor fellows outside. When they stand up, so kind of strong and cheerful, through all sorts of trouble, we just have to own up there's something in it after all. By the way, Coldon, I like to have you around among my patients. You seem to understand helping them out of spiritual difficulties, and the medicine takes hold better when the mind is easy, and then you an't everlastingly tinkering with my practice, as if you understood the thing better than I do. Wish you'd drop into widow Denver's occasionally. S'pose we do run you pretty hard with all these calls. Take care of yourself and do n't let 'em work you to death. Good-night, sir; good-night, Bell."

His awkward, bustling feet clattered down the stairs. The hall-door slammed, and the young men took each a fresh apple and posted himself before the stove as before.

"These doctors get a great knack of reading folks," said Bell.

"Yes," said Coldon, "and that reminds me of my hearing the Doctor and his wife discuss my case the other day. She began about my great need—a wife, and brought up the inevitable Ann Maria. The Doctor dissented most stubbornly, declaring that she would kill me quicker with her go-ahead than he could with his pills. He knew the girl I ought to have; but before I could hear the name one of those great boys of his came roaring into the room, and that was the last of it."

"Do n't you remember the evening last week that you spent with Ann Maria?" asked Bell. "When you got home you acted as if you must dispense with sleep and go right to digging out your sermons. I understood it. She'd been conjugating the verb 'to drive,' in her pretty, persistent way, and you'd caught the spirit and thought you must carry it through the other moods and tenses; and that's about the way it would go if you took her for better or for worse."

Four months later James Bell sat alone one evening in Coldon's study. "How's this, George?" he said with mock severity, as his friend entered. "You never used to keep me waiting this way. Here it is after ten—bad hours for a young clergyman."

"Whew! how cold it is!" Coldon stirred the fire till it crackled, and laughed, and danced up the pipe. Then he went to the table and gave the lamp-wick a turn that sent a bright, cheery light through the room. "How dismal you are here!"

Bell laughed. "Have you been where it's any more cheerful, I'd like to know?"

Coldon threw himself into an arm-chair, and put his feet upon the stove-hearth for a few moments; then, turning toward Bell with a warmth and vivacity unusual in him, he said: "The thing's settled, James."

"What?" asked Bell, in mock perplexity. "Has Louis Napoleon concluded to recognize the Confederate, and annex the Federal States?"

"Nonsense! you know what I mean." Coldon was a little embarrassed, in spite of himself. "You know where I've been this evening."

"I know you've been quite assiduous in your attentions to the sick of late."

"Yes, sir," said Coldon, "it's all arranged—the day set; and I just believe that in getting Sarah Denver I'm getting one of the noblest, purest-hearted women that breathe. She can't lead the soprano, nor play the organ, nor cut a great figure; but she's strong and true, and full of hope and sunshine, and I thank the good Father that I've found it out."

LITTLE MINNIE.

BY LYDIA J. CARPENTER.

COVER her grave with violet blooms,
Tender white violets, sweet as fair:
Tell the winds softly to whisper,
If they are wandering there.

Sweetly my darling is sleeping
Under the daisies, white as snow;
We planted them just above her,
For she used to love them so.

Precious white garments laid away,
With a tress of her golden hair—
All that is left of my baby,
Treasured with miserly care.

Sometimes I list in the twilight
For the patter of restless feet;
I forgot my little Minnie
Sleeps under the daisies sweet.

Sometimes in dreams she is with me,
And I waken to bitter tears,
When I know I must wait without her,
Through the long and weary years.

Cover her grave with violet blooms,
Strew white blossoms over her breast;
Under the daisies our little Minnie
Takes her long and dreamless rest.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY REV. SAMUEL GODFREY, A. B., B. L.

I LOOSED from her mooring my vessel of life,
To steer for a far-distant haven;
The ocean was foaming and storm-clouds were rife,
As dark as the wings of the raven.

As I stood on the deck of my frail little bark,
And thought of the riches she carried,
My heart froze with terror, my spirit grew dark,
Lest all in the deep should be buried.

The wealth of my soul was stored up in the hold,
And gems, as the price of admission—
For which all the bliss of this world I had sold—
To pass through the gates of elysian.

Ah, all must go down in the deep of despair,
And billows of horror roll o'er me;
For the eye of the storm flashed the lightning's red
glare,

And the terrible gulf lay before me.
The darkness grew denser and curtained the air,
Encircling me in the pavilion,
Where Death on his pale charger galloped, and where
Dark Woe sat behind on his pillion.

Just then through the darkness a fissure was seen,
And a star flashed its light o'er the ocean;
I knew it was Hope, by its pure silver sheen,
And because it now calmed the commotion.
The wild tempest softened its terrible whirl
To the zephyr that sighs through the willow;
And that star in its beauty hung out as a pearl,
Adorning the crest of the billow.

Now rapturous joy took my heart for her throne,
And thrilled it with pleasing emotion;
While that silvery star in its radiance shone,
Like a gem on the breast of the ocean.

That same silver star led the magi of old
To the place of the great Incarnation;
From what by the prophet had long been foretold,
They knew 'twas the gem of salvation.

The light of that star guides my bark safely on,
And soon I shall enter my mooring;
Where sorrows are over and labor is done,
Nor false lights on breakers are luring.

Aloft, where the emerald gates stand ajar,
Revealing the innermost glory,
I'll follow the light of that beautiful star,
As it glides through the azure before me.

This star shall not vanish, nor in the least fade,
Till my feet pass the diamond portal,
And the angel-Jehovah shall place on my head
A crown, all whose stars are immortal.

There reason grows godlike, and faith turns to wings
And love is a limitless ocean,
On whose bosom the spirit may glide while it sings,
Undisturbed by the slightest commotion.

Hail region! whence darkness is banished afar,
And clouds from the blue vault are driven;
Where the rays of that radiant, beautiful star,
Melt into the sunlight of heaven.

THE RELATION OF THE THEATER TO MORALS
AND RELIGION.

BY REV. B. H. NADAL, D. D.

TWO or three years ago the country was thrown into considerable agitation by the publication of an address by Dr. Bellows, of New York, before the Dramatic Fund Society of that city, and for its benefit. The object of the address was to defend the theater, and to induce people, especially the religious, to countenance and encourage it by becoming its regular visitors. We do not mention this to say how strange it seemed to see a minister of Christ step aside from his work of building up the Church to assist in building up the theater, but only because we think that this gentleman, like others who have undertaken to defend improper amusements, has misstated the questions involved, and hence has found it quite easy to prove what very few have ever doubted. Dr. Bellows sets out by taking it for granted that the evangelical Churches generally are opposed to all amusements, to amusements as a principle, and proceeds to show that this principle belongs necessarily to our life—that we *must* have amusements. With this man of straw to fight, of course he had an easy triumph; no one doubts the necessity of amusements. The true question is, What shall be the character of our amusements? which of the various amusements of the day may we participate in? Is the theater, as we have it at present among us, a safe and proper place of resort? It is true another question, one more remotely practical, might be discussed; namely, Whether or not some of the amusements now condemned by the Church might not be purified and thus made lawful? whether the theater might not be so managed, so reformed, as to be converted into a source of harmless recreation? But the answer of this would by no means settle the other questions. The reformation of a bad man might make him a suitable companion for the virtuous, but from this we could not infer that it would be right to associate with him before his reformation, or while his character was doubtful.

The question which we wish to discuss is not whether the theater of a future age will be good and worthy of the Church's sanction, but whether the theater of this age is such as to be worthy of the Church's suffrage and sympathy. What, then, is the theater? We answer, The theater is what it is made by the character of its performances, of its performers, and of its attendants.

First, then, what is the stage in its perform-

ances? We can not agree with Dr. Bellows's account of the theater, even if his glowing description of it be applied to one from which all vice has been removed. We can not place the histrionic profession among the fine arts, nor do we consider the actor an artist. True art in the persons of her heroes, her masters of sculpture, of painting, of poetry, and the like, not only makes beauty her aim, but that beauty is always projected in original forms, while the actor, however well he may represent his author, is only an imitator, a skillful one, perhaps, but still merely an imitator, working after an ideal, not of his own, but of another. And if you suppose the play to be perfectly free from any moral taint, and the stage itself from evil associations, you are still not listening to any thing original, but to what you might, as an intelligent man, have read with much greater satisfaction at home. The nearer we come to the soul and spirit of the author the better, and when we sit down with his book, nothing between us—between his spirit and ours—but the words of the book, are we not in a much better position to lose ourselves in his great thoughts and catch the life of his inspiration than when we have the mimic scenery of the stage and the persons and dress of the actors before us, and are trying to get ourselves cheated into the persuasion that what we might profoundly feel as a work of the imagination is a reality of the visible world? Is not this like looking at objects through the smoke or fog, out of mere willfulness, when we might behold them through the clear atmosphere? Well might Coleridge say that "play" was a bad name for a stage performance; that so far from being play it is work, hard work, both to the actor and the spectator, and that this true idea of the thing is preserved in the word "opera"—a name used to designate a certain class of dramatic performances.

But our supposition of a pure and chaste dramatic literature is a supposition merely. As far as our language is concerned, even its proudest periods and noblest specimens are not without spot. Hear the testimony of the elegant, the gifted, the pious Hannah More in regard to the greatest dramatist, if not the greatest poet, that ever lived. We refer, of course, to Shakspeare. After speaking in the most exalted terms of his almost superhuman genius, his hardly less than miraculous insight to human nature in every shade and modification which it presents, with a courage and a truthfulness equally remarkable, she proceeds to say: "But with these excellences the works of this most unequal of all poets contain so much that

is vulgar, so much that is absurd, and so much that is impure; so much indecent levity, false wit, and gross description, that he should only be read in parcels and with the nicest selection. His more exceptionable pieces should not be read at all, and even of the best much may be omitted."

This quotation will no doubt be considered very much out of fashion, desperately behind the age, and I, perhaps, shall be charged with extreme hardihood or extreme folly for making it. I myself confess to a great weakness for the Bard of Avon; but with all my reverence for his noble creations, I still agree with Hannah More, and hold that no one ought even to read Shakspeare till he is of age and virtue sufficient to enable him to gather the gorgeous treasures of his wealth, without bearing away the plague which lurks in his occasional impurities. It is a great pity that expurgated editions of this monarch of the drama have not been supplied for the use of the young. If such is the testimony in regard to Shakspeare, of one who combined in so high a degree virtue with learning and intelligence, what was her opinion in regard to the drama generally? You shall see. She has been speaking of certain portions of the French and Italian drama in terms of commendation, and she continues: "It is with no small regret that, persuaded as we are that England is the rich native soil of dramatic genius, we are driven to the painful necessity of recommending exotics in preference to the indigenous productions of our own fruitful clime. The truth is that, though we possess in our language admirable single pieces, yet our tragic poets have afforded scarce any instances, except Milton in his exquisite *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes*, and Mason in his chaste and classic dramas, in which we can conscientiously recommend their *entire unweeded* volumes as never deviating from that correctness and purity which should be the inseparable attendant on the tragic muse. We shall, indeed, find that not only virtuous scenes and even pious sentiments are scattered throughout most of our popular tragedies, but that the general moral, also, is frequently striking and impressive. Its *end*, however, is often defeated by the means employed to accomplish it. In how many, for instance, of the favorite tragedies of Rowe and Otway, which are most frequently acted, do we find passages and even whole scenes of a directly contrary tendency—passages calculated to awaken those very passions which it was the professed object of the author to counteract?

'First raising a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral they would quench the fire.'

Some one may object to this testimony as puritanical and over rigid, and tell us that Hannah More, while she was a woman of superb talents and exalted virtues, was also a very stern moralist. And such she certainly was. Her morality was as pure as her taste. But it is from precisely such virtue and talents, conjoined and wrought into a noble character, that we may expect just and honest criticism. Who shall tell us what is impure, but the wise and pure? The saints may surely reprove sin. But we have other testimony to the same effect. Hear the evidence of one who spoke merely as a critic and not at all as a Christian or a moralist. Listen to Shaw in his *Outlines of English Literature*. Speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, two of the contemporaries of Shakspeare, and of the drama of the age of Elizabeth generally, he says: "The prevailing vices of these great but unequal writers are, first, the shocking occasional indelicacy and coarseness of their language, and secondly the frequent inconsistency of their characters. With respect to the former it is no excuse to say that it is partly to be attributed to the custom of the female characters being at this period universally represented by boys; nor is it much palliation to consider this licentiousness of speech as the vice of the times. It is true that the *charge of indecency may safely be maintained against nearly all the writers of this wonderful period*, and we know that the stage has a peculiar tendency to fall into this." And such, then, is the testimony of a critic who revered and extolled the age of Elizabeth, as corresponding in English literature with that of Pericles among the Greeks, and with that of Augustus among the Romans, as an age of literary and especially of dramatic heroes and demigods.

One more witness on this point, and for the present we drop quotations. Let us receive light from Mr. George Vandenhoff, a recently-retired actor, now practicing law. He is quite anxious to vindicate the respectability of his former profession, and yet, while he seems to think that the stage has seen better days, those of the Garricks, the Kembles, and the Keans, he admits that it is now fearfully degenerated, and strongly intimates that it has become decidedly vulgar. Very damaging evidence this from a distinguished actor, whose father followed the same profession with equal distinction before him. Mr. Vandenhoff, in giving his reasons for leaving the stage, says, among other things: "I have never, as some, I think without reasonable grounds, have done, claimed for the stage the position of a moral

instructor; *that* I do not consider by any means a necessary part of its purpose. But when it ceases to be regarded as affording amusement worthy of the attention and encouragement of cultivated minds, and only pays when it panders to vulgar taste or local prejudices, then, for my part, I desire to escape from a profession which, while attended with many heart-wearing annoyances, offers no high object of ambition, and neither elevates the mind nor fills the pocket."

We have now presented the testimony of the Christian moralist, that of the mere critic, and finally that of a distinguished actor. The first asserts that, with few exceptions, our dramatic literature is dangerous to morals, and that even Shakspeare can not be indiscriminately read without injury; the second, the critic, characterizes the drama of the brightest period of our literature as coarse and indecent, almost without a single exception; and the third, the actor, quitting his profession in disgust, tells us that the stage has become vulgar, neither elevating the mind nor filling the pocket. Now, if such, as a general thing, is dramatic literature, and if the stage is such, people who are anxious to preserve their purity, who would rather not be amused at all if they must at the same time be defiled, can not even read the drama without the most careful selection, how then can they frequent the theater where these vulgarities and indecencies are given publicly to the ear and enacted before the eye?

True, a theater-goer may sometimes chance to fall on a play whose morality is unexceptionable, but we must not forget that, according to the testimonies cited, the majority are far otherwise, and that our presence at the theater encourages the theater as such, with its majority of bad plays as well as its minority of good ones. Thus it appears that the evil of which the Church complains, and against which she inveighs, is found to exist not merely in the circumstantial and non-essentials of the drama, but in the very heart and blood of its literature.

Our second argument against the theater is founded upon the character of the actors. Dr. Bellows admits the general bad character and worse repute of actors, but zealously contends that it is not their fault, but that of the Church in shunning their society, and thus shutting them up to their own company. His argument is, that if the Church had acknowledged the legitimacy of their calling, and taken them into its embrace, they would not have been so bad. But this is asking to be allowed to take for granted the very thing in question. The Church holds the theater to be corrupt

and corrupting, and refuses her company to the actors as engaged in a wicked calling; and this champion of the theater, because he can *conceive* of such things as a pure drama and a chaste stage, asks the Church to cease her reasoning against *actual* wrong and her repugnance to wicked men. But let us hear Dr. Bellows—he is addressing a society of actors—“While other professions and callings, once and long regarded with suspicion, have risen above public odium, yours, members of the dramatic profession, has suffered the most obstinate and cruel reprobation. Almost every inducement which society could offer to lead decent, orderly, and virtuous lives has been taken away from players. Not only the religious but the irreligious world have held them to be a class of persons who, to have adopted their calling, must be lost to self-respect, and to pursue it must abandon all pretensions to virtue. Outcasts from the Church, social pariahs, the very Jews and Gipsies of Christian civilization, what could sustain any class at the average height of human worth under disabilities so extraordinary and degrading? When transcendent genius and the rarest social gifts have enabled a few to climb the barrier which has excluded their class from society, the very grounds of their reception have added nothing to the respectability of the general body, and offered no inducements to the moral efforts of the rest.”

This champion of the theater and our humble selves are at least agreed in one thing; namely, that the profession of the actor is under the ban of the Church and of general society—that as a body the members of the profession are outlawed as bad men, engaged in a bad calling. Beyond this we differ. He holds this act of outlawry to be wrong and cruel, because in the exercise of a strong imagination and a hopeful charity he can conceive that a pure drama and a pure stage *may* one day or other come into existence. We hold the outlawry of the stage to be just to the stage itself, and safe and merciful to the community, because whatever may be the character of the theater in the millennium of the imagination, it is now “evil, only evil, and that continually.” That players grow worse by having no better company than their own I do not doubt, and that feeling themselves outcasts from society, may tend to make them desperate in wickedness is quite likely; but the same is true of abandoned women, of gamblers, and of scandalous offenders generally; but is this a reason why society should remove the foul mark of reprobation from lewdness and gambling? “Evil men shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and

being deceived," and we must do what we can to reclaim them to the Church and to society; but this is a very different thing from broadly acknowledging and sanctioning their injurious practices. I may, perhaps, be told not to class the stage with gambling and lewdness, or the dramatic profession with gamblers and courtesans. My object in putting them together was not to affirm an equality of turpitude, but to intimate a degree of kinship, and a tendency in each to beget and sustain the other. And yet I do not for a moment imagine that one brothel or one gambling hell will do as much harm as one theater.

Let us look, however, a little more narrowly at the aforementioned assumption that the dramatic profession stands on the same ground with others, and that its members have been made wicked by an act of unjust ostracism. Is this so? Our answer is a most emphatic no! And we affirm that the theater for mere amusement has always been vicious, perhaps under the influence of a law which we know governs trade and commerce with uncontrollable necessity—we mean the law of supply and demand. The supply seeks to meet the demand, both in regard to quality and quantity. The merchant keeps most of those wares for which he finds the greatest number of calls and the readiest sale. So it has been with the theater when employed merely as an amusement; those patrons who have sought the excitation of their lusts, the gratification of their vulgar instincts, have always been immensely in the majority in the dramatic market, and hence the supply, without abandoning all regard for the decent minority, has been mainly adapted to the greatest number. Hence the obscenity and vulgarity mixed in with the immortal creations even of Shakspeare—agreeable in that age alike, perhaps, to the queen and to the beggar. For the same or a similar reason libidinous actors were demanded, and those who entered the profession pure, as a general thing, soon sunk down to a level with their trade.

Allow us a little further illustration. The Greek tragedy was remarkably pure—as pure in comparison with their bad religion as ours has been corrupt in comparison with our holy and blessed religion. Even their comedy, coarse as it sometimes was, did not lack the sanction of their religion. But the tragedy was a religious institution, a holy ministration in honor of their gods, just as dancing was at first. Jacobs, the elegant German scholar, says: "With respect to art, Greek tragedy showed perfection; with respect to morals, it was a school of wisdom. And as it was designed for

the festal celebration of the gods, so it guided by its subject-matter to a pious worship of them. In it the richest abundance of materials was displayed under the wisest limitations, and the freest nature was most closely united to the severest laws. In Melpomene's Chalice it mingled what could stir and calm, rouse and temper the feelings, and while it exhibited the human characters in its highest dignity and its greatest dependence, it resisted the impulse of selfishness and purified the heart by a wholesome agitation of its inmost depths. By this admirable entertainment, which never lowered itself to an equivocal alliance with vulgarity of moral feeling, the souls of men were filled with a wholesome fear of the gods, abhorrence of guilty arrogance, and deep reverence for the laws through the strong representation of great events."

In regard to purity of intention and the aim to promote religion, the moralities and miracle plays of the Middle Ages resembled the Greek tragedy, though, in respect of taste and refinement, there was between them an impassable gulf. In the darkest, or almost the darkest ages of the Church the clergy sought by means of these miracle and moral plays to teach the imbruted masses the doctrines and duties of religion, and, considering their period, it is not improbable that the people learned as readily from such performances as from the more direct teachings of the priests, who were as poorly qualified to give as they were to receive instruction. So much, then, for the stage when devoted to religion and aiming to be a moral and religious instructor.

But, considered as a resort for mere amusement, when has the theater had the sanction of the wise and good? When have they not regarded it as a source and a center of moral pestilence? The Roman theaters became so obscene in some instances that the Government, heathen as it was, felt called upon, out of regard for public decency, to suppress them; and the early Christian fathers, in denouncing them, used language which, though only strong and wholesome, I should hesitate, except in case of necessity, to repeat to the readers of this article. Tertullian calls the theater the devil's own ground, and the Church in his day excluded those of her members who dared to visit such places, just as though they had been guilty of uncleanness. As to the players, the Roman Government, even while it was still heathen, did not allow them to enjoy the freedom or any other honorable privilege of a Roman citizen, and St. Austin, an early Church father, speaking on this point, says: "Since this was an

infamous and scandalous trade, even among the heathen, it is no wonder the Church would admit no actor to baptism, without obliging him first to bid adieu to so ignominious a profession."

It does not then seem so obvious that the actor's profession should be regarded in the same light as others—at least it does not appear so in the light of history. Wherever it has been employed as a mere amusement, to say the least, the plays have been marked by a considerable infusion of impurity, and the actors have been regarded as the enemies of good morals, and so regarded because their vicious representations corrupted, as they were calculated to do, both themselves and others.

We can not, of course, go into an examination of the characters of the whole profession, nor even of those of individual actors; but we have the authority of Dr. Bellows himself for regarding their morality as more than suspicious. This authority, moreover, acquires additional weight from the book of Mr. Vandenhoff, who, as an actor, telling his story with all a brother's sympathy and with due regard to his own fair fame, yet lifts the veil sufficiently to confirm the common opinion. The charge, then, upon which we rest this part of our argument is admitted; namely, that, as a general thing, the moral character of actors is bad, and instead of saying, with Dr. Bellows, that the Church and the community ought to correct their views of the stage and its people, we say rather, and with infinitely more reason, let the dramatic profession mend their lives and make themselves a better name, and then, like Vandenhoff, they will no doubt seek more reputable employment.

My readers, I am sure, will not consider it a small matter that the amusements of the community should be ministered by polluted hands, especially in the theater, where the historic characters of the drama and the splendid dresses and scenery of the stage are so well adapted to inflame the youthful imagination, and fill it with admiration. What danger there is, nay, what certainty, that those who fill us with delight will themselves be sharers of our regard! This is a law of our being. And how many frequenters of the theater have been corrupted in this way, and that almost without knowing it! The character and spirit of the vile actor have entered and possessed them while they were hanging upon his lips and gestures, and unconsciously familiarizing themselves with his vices.

Our third argument against the theater is drawn from the amount of evil which it never fails to attract.

VOL. XXIV.—8

We are far from asserting that none of the virtuous portion of society are ever found in the theater; but every one knows that while all the evangelical Churches condemn and denounce it, and Christians but rarely enter it, it is the favorite resort, the very temple of worship, as it were, of the most degraded class, especially of gamblers and courtesans. This admitted fact may not be considered as at once decisive of the character of the place, and yet it certainly establishes a presumption unfavorable to its morality. Why do not these characters throng our Churches? at least those of our most eloquent and attractive preachers? Why are they not seen at the lectures of our chief orators?

But let us hear the objection of Dr. Bellows to our argument. He says: "The attractiveness of the theater, even to vice and folly, is nothing against it, till it can be proved that they are attracted there by what is bad and depraving." He says further that he "supposes them to be attracted there precisely by what would attract him, or any innocent or well-intentioned person—by the love of pleasure, spectacle, society, talent, beauty, light, architecture; and he supposes them to be very innocent, so far as the enjoyment of these things is concerned." But in the next breath the Doctor makes an admission which is fatal to his argument. He says: "That knowing their presence and coarseness or unscrupulousness, the stage should cater to it, is a monstrous evil." Surely the Doctor does not mean to say that the obscenity of the stage is extemporized upon the actors discovering the presence of the vicious and degraded. His meaning can only be that the stage, knowing the corrupt taste of the theater-going public, of whom the very basest characters constitute the ragged and raveled ends, they construct their entertainments accordingly. If so, then they are attracted there, not merely by the "love of pleasure, spectacle, architecture," etc., but by what is "bad and depraving," by what has been prepared beforehand to suit their tastes. Indeed, we have seen, according to the high authorities we have quoted, that the whole English drama, especially the most massive and powerful portion of it, has had this element, so attractive to the worst classes, wrought into its very texture, so that a considerable portion of our literature must be recast or substituted before the stage shall cease to attract the *bad by what is bad, the depraved by what is depraving*. This evil is in the drama as a man's constitution is in the man, as the tide and the salt are in the sea; and though scholars and men of letters may possibly be able, by learned processes, to extract the brine

and drink refreshing draughts of pure and sweet water therefrom, the slaves of passion will only increase their diseased thirst to the madness of insatiable desire by every additional draught.

Dr. Bellows reminds us that "the vice and folly of society do not cluster round colleges and Churches any more than flies round rhubarb and aloes instead of molasses;" but he should remember that there are insects less decent than flies, whose instincts delight in the worst form of filth and putrescence. Just so is it with the corrupted classes of society; "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." If these bad classes show a particular affinity for an amusement, it must be because the amusement has an affinity for them.

Besides the impurity, which we have proved by critic and moralist to be inherent in the greater part of the English drama, and which is sufficient to account for its attracting the worst classes, there is still another attraction in the character of the actors themselves, who are at least understood to be on the best of terms with the parties whom they thus draw. It is friend visiting friend, as well as like attracting like.

Still, again, even if it were not patent that these impurities inhere in the very nerves and blood of the English drama, and if it were not generally conceded by the friends of the stage that the stage people are corrupt as a general thing, and if it were not certain that the vicious of society are drawn to the theater by what is "depraved and depraving," still it would be enough to know that they *are* drawn there—that it is their favorite rendezvous—that they gather there to enjoy one another's society—to lie in wait for their prey—to entrap, and rob, and seduce, and destroy the unsuspecting and unprotected. These ought to be enough to array against it in earnest uncompromising hostility every virtuous man in the community, and every virtuous woman.

We will now close with a few remarks, which do not fall properly under either of the regular heads of our discussion.

Dr. Bellows contends that the theater, in some form or other, is an institution intended for perpetuity; that the demand for it is universal. Our answer is, that if the theater is universal so is sin—so is war; and if the theater has maintained a vigorous and healthy existence, as he says, in spite of all the efforts of the Church to kill it, so also has the traffic in ardent spirits, and so has Mormon polygamy, at least for some years past. Contrary to what is assumed in this strange argument, is it not plain that what is evil in society has as strong and vital a root in our nature as what is mani-

festly good? It is the grief and plague of the Church that the evils of the world revive almost as fast as they are slain. And yet here is a Unitarian minister adducing as a proof of the inherent excellency of the theater, the fact, that after all the efforts of God's Church to kill it it still lives. Every form of sin can make the same plea.

As strangely as we may now think of this clerical defender of the stage, we will be still more astonished when we read his own summing up of its evils. He says: "These evils, that is, the evils of the stage, fall under four heads: 1. The identification of the theater with frivolity, worldliness, moral indifference, and spiritual apathy, and its general tendency to reproduce them. 2. Its direct or covert association with and encouragement of intemperance and licentiousness. 3. The immorality of plays, either in their general drift, or in their details, with the use of manners, costumes, language, insinuation, intentionally shocking to modesty and destructive of reverence. 4. The bad effect of theatrical life upon actors and actresses—in a word, the unworthy personal character of the dramatic profession."

The counsel of Ahithophel is certainly turned; the Doctor has here in a few quiet, but fearfully-direct sentences, said harder things against the theater than our most watchful critic can possibly convict us of. He is like the humorous school-boy who started to school one slippery morning, but soon found himself at home again, and explained his return by saying that for every step he took forward he slipped two backward. The Doctor has evidently met with slippery weather. He started away from the Church, and after much hard traveling he is back again—yes, back again entirely. He has demolished his own man of straw.

But to be more serious, not more earnest, it is clear, from these fearful admissions about the theater, that our champion of the stage does not really mean to defend the existing theater, but only such a one as he can imagine, such a one as he could make if only he had a clear track, and could create a new dramatic literature; could have saints for actors and actresses, and could reconstruct human nature so as to do away with all demand for any thing impure in the performances. Against such a chimerical theater we will not contend. Indeed, if we ever go to a theater and take our family, it must be to some such impossible one as this.

And yet after these terrible sledge-hammer blows, these death-dealing saber cuts at the real, live theater—blows by which the theater is identified with "spiritual apathy," and de-

clared to be the encourager of "intemperance and licentiousness"—cuts by which the theater is charged with performing plays in which are contained "language intentionally shocking to modesty and destructive of reverence"—cuts which affirm that the "personal character of the dramatic profession is bad." After all this he insists that Christians ought to encourage the existing theater, and quotes the example of our Savior in mixing with publicans and sinners, to enforce his plea. Why, my friends, Jesus went among the wicked as a moral reformer; he went to plead with them to repent; he went not to share the delights of their sinful amusements, not to witness and enjoy their performances, but to be himself the performer—to get them to listen to him and submit to him. But this professed Christian minister invites us to the theater, not to preach, not heroically to leap on the stage and usurp the actor's place, and preach Christ crucified, but to reform the stage people by yielding ourselves up to their ministries of corrupt pleasure, perhaps upon the principle that if we help Satan he will help us.

If such, then, is the theater, by the admission of its very defenders; if such are the miserable, paltry shifts by which it has been attempted to be propped up; if it is rotten in the warp and woof of its literature; if its actors, as a class, are intemperate and indecent; if it is the natural and regular rendezvous of the worst classes; if we can not go there without danger of being tainted and damaged, let every Christian and every friend of morality and public decency keep away, and teach his children to keep away. In the minds and hearts of all about them, let them label the doors of the theater thus: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way." Or thus: "*Synagogue of the libertines—chief Rabbi, Satan.* Who so is simple let him turn in hither."

DOWN TO THE OLD HOUSE.

BY MRS. SARAH DURAND.

HOW glad we all were to leave our old house and move up to our elegant new mansion! The younger members of our family especially were so tired trying to receive and entertain company in our old, cramped little parlors. It wounded our pride, nothing more, for we were comfortable and happy when alone. And when the new house was really completed, and each had a voice in furnishing and appropriating the rooms, heads were busier than hands in devising pleasure-parties, and festivities, and triumphs for years to come. But, alas! how futile our

plans! how vain our imaginings! One blast from the war bugle and our brothers were gone, and one arrow from Death's quiver and a dear sister was no more. And then how little we all cared for the new house!

We would unconsciously attribute some of our distress to our being in the new house, and yet reason told us otherwise. But I could not withstand the desire to spend a portion of each day alone at the old house. I loved to steal away and go down there to think and weep, to sit on the step-stone and read. I could follow the poet higher in his flights and see more light in his path there than elsewhere.

I loved to gaze up to the chamber where my brothers slept, and often I found myself listening for the glad laugh or merry whistle that so often came floating down from their open window in days gone by. I loved to train the rose-bush and honey-suckle around the window, just as my departed sister had done when they were in her keeping, and to search for flowers among the weeds and tangled grass, if, perchance, any root or seedling had escaped the transplanting spade. Flowers gathered here were dearer to me than the choicest exotics, they seemed so like gems in the crown of peace. I loved to drink from the gurgling spring, or bathe my weeping eyes in that never-failing fountain. It was a soothing antidote. I loved to wander among the vines and fruit-trees, and to gather the choicest fruit to take home for my stricken parents. When I could say, "These grew down at the old house," I thought they, too, relished them more. O, the dear old house! it had become my trysting-place, my closet. And when it was arranged that Mr. A., whom the casualties of the war had rendered penniless and homeless, was to winter with his large family in our old house, it seemed too much for my poor, selfish heart to bear. I sympathized with the destitute and persecuted of our race, but I thought, "Must we sacrifice so much for them? Must we take them into our closets as it were?"

But they came, and I still visit the old house. At first I went with jealous eyes to watch over my treasures. But a change came over my feelings as I mingled with that meek Christian family, and the lessons I now learn, I trust, are more salutary than those I learned in my lonely visits. In the children I see, not, as I supposed, little hands whose only work was mischief, but buds of immortality, destined, under their mother's gentle training, to bloom in God's own garden above, and they lead my mind out beyond this fading scene to one that is ever green and beautiful, and where peace

will dwell forever. The poetry I now love best is found in the Bible, the Psalms, and Isaiah, and when read aloud by her who feels their spiritual beauty, my soul seems to follow them in their heavenly flight, and the light of their pathway is that made by the "live coal from off the altar," with which the cherubim touched the lips of Isaiah.

And of all our loved ones who have slipped from our fond embrace here, I have learned to look for them with an eye of faith to that realm where the finally faithful shall all be gathered, not halt, or maimed, or scarred with many battles, but perfected in love, and singing redeeming grace on the other shore, where peace shall reign for evermore.

OUR SOLDIER-BOY.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

OVER fields and lonesome woodlands,
Waving shadows softly lie,
While like angels when we're dreaming,
Slowly white-winged clouds go by;
And the quiet moon is shining
Half-way up the eastern sky,

Mocking all the desolation
That the storm of war hath made
With the tall palmetto, rising
O'er the quiet, mossy glade,
And the flashing of the fire-fly
In the rank fern's gloomy shade.

With a knapsack for his pillow,
And the green turf for his bed,
And the solemn sky o'er arching
Where the brave Zouaves had bled,
A soldier to his comrade,
As his life was ebbing, said:
"You tell me, John, my wounds are slight;
But I can read your eye;
It says that I, ere morning light,
A cold in death must lie.
'T will be but passing home to heaven,
And I'm not afraid to die.

But you may still be spared, John,
To reach our home again;
Break it gently to my mother,
And tell my father then,
And do n't forget to go and see
My Katie, in the glen.

I know my father 'll miss me,
His hair is growing gray,
He is not strong to hold the plow
Or pile the fragrant hay;
And I had hoped of his old age
To be the staff and stay.

And mother—my poor mother—
How can she bear to know

That her son was slain in Dixie
By the cruel Southern foe?

I was the last of seven,
And she has loved me so.

But God will not forsake them,
I should be content to go,
I can be better spared, perhaps,
Than others that I know;
And it is for the best, or God
Would not have had it so.

But Katie—darling Katie—
I think I see her now,
The thoughtful grace of womanhood
Just shadowing her brow.
I wonder if her glossy curls
Are any darker now!

But, hark! I hear upon the air
The distant bugle-horn,
And the rustling of the Summer breeze
Amid the growing corn;
As I heard it when we parted last
That sunny, harvest morn.

The low and mournful music
Of my Katie's voice I know;
She's saying through the long, long year
That she will miss me so;
Yet still—and here a sob breaks through—
She can but bid me go.

The very words she said to me
Are sounding in my ears—
'Go answer to your country's call,
And do not mind my tears,
I shall be stronger when the thought
Of God destroys my fears.'

She's looking older, sadder,
But I know she's true, she's true—
But go, dear Katie, do not stay
Out in this heavy dew;
'T is damp upon my forehead,
And it must not fall on you—

John, I'm afraid I wander,
But you'll tell them all some day
The words of tender loving
I have not strength to say.
Here—let me take your hand,
For I've not long to stay."

Over fields and lonesome woodlands
Wavering shadows softly lie,
While above the soldier's pillow
Slowly white-winged clouds go by;
He has answered to the roll-call
In the fields above the sky.

A GOOD MAN.

A good man and an angel! these between,
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still.

YOUNG.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.—"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xxvii, 15.

The human heart *must* have a resting-place somewhere in the moral universe. The search for the supernatural and the divine is necessitated by the very conditions of its being. It must have a divinity in order to its repose, whether it find that divinity in the sublime revelations of the Christian religion or in the subtleties and sophistries of a false philosophy. This is seen in the fact that a nation without a religion has never been found. The heathen amid his superstitions is as true to *his* conceptions of the divine, and the obligations resulting therefrom, as the most devout Christian in the real sanctuary of the Most High.

The felt want of the human soul is rest—spiritual repose. Its very restlessness, its unappeasable yearnings after some unattained but supposed attainable good proves this. The great question of the human heart all through the ages has ever been, "Who will show us any good?" and outside of revelation this question in all its deep and vital interest has only been raised by earth's millions to recoil on the heart without an answer. This leads us to the inquiry:

I. WHAT IS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS? David's ultimatum in the text returns the only answer: "I shall be satisfied WHEN I awake with thy likeness." We remark that

1. *The whole philosophy of happiness lies in the right condition and right development of the moral affections.* "Thy likeness" stands here for moral goodness—resemblance to God. If we were asked to sum up the whole nature and glorious perfections of the Deity in a word, that word would be "the Lord is good." God is the sum of all good both in the *passive* sense of *being* good and in the *active* sense of *doing* good. He is happy in the infinite beatitudes of his own nature and in the ceaseless, boundless activities of his grace. And man must be happy on the same principle that God is—in *BEING* and *doing good*. Well said Cicero that "men resemble the gods in nothing more than in *doing good*." Happiness is of necessity a question of the affections. A right condition of the heart draws after it right moral actions, as a pure fountain sends forth pure water or a good tree brings forth good fruit. The outside moral world is reached and raised upward by the good man from the inside world of the heart. All noble, godlike action is born in the soul. The sum of a good man's force in the world, and by consequence his wealth in happiness, is the measure of his moral power. He is happy only in the propor-

tion he is like God in being and doing good. As the effect follows the cause, so he *does*, because he *is* good.

(1.) The Scriptures declare in favor of the moral affections as the source of all happiness. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Thought is an element of character, and consequently of happiness. Could we be at a loss to determine the character or enjoyment of a man the language of whose heart ever is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee?" or could we by possibility err in determining the character and necessary unhappiness of the man whose only thought is, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and where-withal shall I be clothed?" What a man is in his spiritual affections he is in action and enjoyment; hence it is declared, "a man shall be satisfied from himself"—from the internal resources of his heart. The apostle gives this truth a forcible utterance when he says, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience." The *within* determines the *without*, and both determine the question of happiness. Truly

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within the breast that jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam."

(2.) Reason so declares. Man's nature is spiritual, therefore his happiness must flow from his affections as the stream from the fountain. The world is an element that can not possibly enter into the question of real enjoyment. Its material good may satisfy the wants of his inferior nature, but can not meet the demands of his nobler spirit. The idea of happiness, for instance, in connection with wrong moral affections, say a guilty conscience, is an absurdity. All experience is with the Bible in asking, "A wounded spirit who can bear?" And yet a man might possess all possible external good and still have a wounded spirit; hence we argue the impossibility of rational enjoyment on any other than a *moral* basis.

(3.) Experience also so declares. The royal Psalmist, with all the avenues open to happiness, so far as this world has the power to bestow it, was not satisfied. He felt that nothing but God could fill the human soul; hence he cries, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Solomon's experience took the circuit of the world; he literally, as we learn from the book of Ecclesiastes, tried every thing under the sun as a source of human good, and yet he writes the epitaph of the world in the declaration, "ALL is vanity and vexation of spirit." So with earth's generations all along the course of the centuries; they have learned by bitter experience that away from God there

is no real good to the human soul. He alone who made it can satisfy it, because he alone can fill it.

II. Let us now, for the sake of reducing the proposition to an absurdity, suppose that happiness is not a question of the spiritual affections and of their appropriate development in action, but that it is contingent, as the world would seem to suppose, on external, material good. What then follows?

1. *Only the few could be happy.* If wealth were the condition of happiness then the great mass would be excluded from it, since only the few could enjoy it. So with every other conceivable earthly object. Happiness on such a basis would be a literal impossibility, and the great proportion of the race would be doomed to wretchedness independently of any possible action on their part. Such a mode of happiness we plainly see would be unworthy of the great, benevolent Father of all. Again:

2. *Happiness would be without any virtuous or worthy basis.* Millions would be denied it in virtue of no fault of theirs, since its conditions would be simply impossible. It might exist in that event compatibly with the very worst moral character, the very idea of which is preposterous. All reason insists on the necessary connection between virtue and happiness. In fact, to be unhappy over what could not have been otherwise than it is a contradiction in terms. Our intellectual and moral nature is insulted by the idea that wealth, or fame, or power, or any other outside object could confer happiness, or their absence create the opposite when we may not predicate any moral quality whatsoever of them. Lastly,

3. *Happiness would be in the highest degree temporary and uncertain.* All earthly objects are liable to change, and do change perpetually, because they are contingent on circumstances. If material things conferred happiness, then the happy of to-day would be the miserable of to-morrow. Happiness, then, would be indeed a precarious and uncertain good. Such considerations reduce to absurdity the proposition that happiness is possible in any combination of external things.

III. Let us for a moment look at God's plan or mode of making men happy.

1. *All may be good, and therefore all may be happy.* He furnishes the motive and supplies the means for universal happiness. No moral creature he has formed but may awake in his likeness and be happy.

"Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But then how just the ways of Heaven;
True joy to all is free."

2. *Happiness has a rational basis in moral goodness.* Reason joins revelation in the declaration that the virtuous *ought* to be happy. That goodness should be the perfection of human character and the crown of human joy is a moral necessity of our being. All our ideas of the fitness of things demand that happiness should be conditioned on virtue and goodness.

3. *Happiness founded on moral excellence is permanent.* "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." No power can prevent our being and doing good, and therefore no power can prevent our being happy. The Christian may well sing,

"No change of season or place
Could make any change in my mind."

This subject suggests the following inquiry: David said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." *Can we as candidates for the happiness of the better life be satisfied with less?* F. S. C.

KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT FROM AFAR.—"I will fetch my knowledge from afar, and will ascribe righteousness to my Maker." Job xxxvi, 3.

There is something in our nature which places superior importance on any thing which comes from afar. When a man has to contend with a person who is very learned, should a friend express a doubt as to the result, or advise him to take great care, he will say, "Fear not, veggutooratila, from very far I will fetch my arguments." "The arguments which are afar off shall now be brought near." "Well, sir, since you press me, I will fetch my knowledge from afar."

THE UNGODLY LIKE CHAFF.—"The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." Psalm i, 4. "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor." Matt. iii, 12.

We must recollect here, says Rosenmüller, that in the East the thrashing-floors are places in the open air—Gen. i, 10—on which the corn is not thrashed, as with us, but beaten out by means of a sledge in such a manner that the straw is at the same time cut very small. "When the straw is cut small enough, they put fresh corn in the place, and afterward separate the corn from the cut straw by throwing it in the air with a wooden shovel, for the wind drives the straw a little further, so that only the pure corn falls to the ground."

CHRISTIANS LIKE WILLOWS BY THE WATER-COURSES.—"And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." Isaiah xlii, 4.

In many parts of South Africa, says Mr. Campbell, no trees are to be found but near rivers. The trees are of various kinds; the most plentiful was the lovely mimosa; but willows, when there were any, always stood in front of the others on the very margin of the water, which was truly a river of life to them. Like those in Isaiah's days, they required much water, could not prosper without it, therefore near it they were alone found—a loud call, by a silent example, to Christians to live near the throne of grace, word of grace, and ordinances of grace if they wish to grow in wisdom, knowledge, faith, and holiness.

THE LIVING WATERS AND THE BROKEN CISTERN.—"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewn them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Jeremiah ii, 13.

In Eastern language "living water" signifies springing water, that which bubbles up. The people had forsaken Jehovah, the never-failing spring, for the small quantity which could be contained in a cistern; nay, in broken cisterns, which would let out the water as fast as they received it. When people forsake a good situation for that which is bad, it is said, "Yes, the stork which lived on the borders of the lake, where there was a never-failing supply of water and constant food, has gone to dwell on the brink of a well," that is, where there is no fish, and where the water can not be had.

Fables and Follies.

ANSWER TO METAPHYSICAL QUERY.—"Can man reason without language?" Several considerations lead us to answer, *Yes*.

1. The old definition, "Words are signs of ideas," which all bookmakers have adopted, is not mere fancy, but a real definition. Now, thoughts must have been antecedent to words, else the thing represented comes into existence after the representation is actually made. It is absurd to say that words had an existence before the ideas which they represent. If, then, ideas came before the words which express them, then man can have ideas without words with which to express them. These ideas, antecedent to words, must have been "definite" ideas, else there would have been no words expressing definite ideas. All would be vague and indefinite.

2. Deaf persons, who have not had the advantages of education, and, consequently, have never heard words spoken nor understood written language, give evidence that they reason, and have "complete," "definite," and fully "developed" ideas.

3. If we had no knowledge of language we would certainly have the thoughts which such words as the following represent—sweet, sour, good, bad, high, long, heavy, light, etc.; and having an idea of these properties we would have thoughts without words, and from the active character of the mind we conclude that we would reason on these properties, which would be reasoning without language.

4. When the author of *metaphysical query* penned the language of his query, he must have had the thoughts in his mind antecedent to the words with which he expressed them, or the words were antecedent to the ideas, or the words and ideas both came to the mind at the same instant. One of these statements must be true. Now, if the words and thoughts came to the mind at the same instant it must have been accidentally so. This statement we will not take space to illustrate, but suppose all will admit that it is metaphysically correct; and how could accident produce such harmony as we may suppose exists between the *words* of that query and the *thoughts* which were in the author's mind when the query was penned? But suppose the *words* were first in the mind, then how did the author call to mind the words which express his ideas before they had an existence in the mind? Place the *thought* first and all is natural. The thought is formed and the mind calls up words to express it, and is sometimes put to the strait of choosing between two or more words expressing the same idea.

If our position is substantiated—and we think it is—the advocates of "verbal inspiration" lose one of their strongest arguments. B. E. K.

METAPHYSICAL QUERY.—Second Answer.—This query, in November number, uses a very groundless argument to establish a very useless doctrine. 1. "Can a definite idea be formed unless it be accompanied by the language to express it?" Of course it can; for which

is first, the idea or its sign—the mental picture or the name of that picture? New ideas are, in the course of science, continually meeting men. When these ideas, facts, or principles are fully grasped by the discoverer, he sets himself to hunting in the old languages some combination of words as names of these new ideas. He might have on hand, at one time, a half dozen new thoughts, or principles, or ideas clearly seen by his mind's eye, but for which there are as yet no words in any language.

2. That a man can not *express* his idea does not prove its incompleteness. Words are attempts at bounding or painting ideas. But what is more shadowy, spiritual, or evanescent than an idea? What orator can perfectly describe its outlines; what poet paint its rich hues? Language is a very lame thing; so lame that no mortal was ever able absolutely to convey to his fellow his own precise idea. A man might travel for hours on a railroad intently considering the countless objects he passed, without the name of a single one of them coming into his mind. He would think of the things themselves, not the names. God *inspired* into men thoughts, principles, and left them to express them in language, each according to his own genius.

J. P. L.

ANSWER TO DECEMBER THEOLOGICAL QUERY.—1. Scripture does teach that Christ was God. "I and my Father are one;" "All things were made by him."

2. It is not possible for God to suffer. Scripture does not so teach: it gives to Christ a twofold nature—God and man—absolute God and integral man. "God was in Christ." Without this distinction the Bible is self-contradictory. The words which passed the fleshy lips of Jesus came from two separate sources—sometimes from his own human soul, as when on the cross he exclaimed, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" or when he said, "My Father is greater than I"—at other times from God who "was in Christ," as when these words were uttered, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." In this way only can we fully escape the dilemma of the querist. It was the human being born of Mary who hungered, and wept, and suffered on the cross. God's suffering is an idea equally monstrous and unscriptural.

3. An "infinite sacrifice" was not offered, neither is there any propriety in the phrase "infinite law." A sacrifice is something delivered to destruction to save something else. Nothing but God is infinite; ergo, the sole possible infinite sacrifice would be God sacrificing himself. An infinite sacrifice was not needed, for there was no infinite guilt. All the possible guilt of every being in the universe is only a finite guilt, and so needs only a finite sacrifice. Punishable sin is measured by the knowledge of the sinner; but as all created beings are finite in knowledge, so all guilt must be finite. To say that God's law is infinite, and hence every sin infinite, is mere nonsense. The Calvary sacrifice was not infinite, but "sufficient." The body of

Jesus was a sanctum sanctorum, whence issued sometimes the fias of God, and sometimes the words of the Son of Mary. Forget this, and we sink into a maelstrom of bewilderment.

J. P. L.

"PHILOSOPHY OF PRESENCE."—An article in the November number of the Repository on the above subject has met my views almost entirely, at least as far as I apprehend the author, and I beg here to ask a few questions that may draw out more thought on the same subject, though some may consider that the whole is tintured with a sprinkling of skeptical philosophy.

What was there in the mantle of Elijah, that when he threw it upon Elisha he left all and ran after the prophet? What was there in the staff of Elisha that he supposed it would bring the dead child to life by being laid upon its face? What in the dead prophet's bones that brought the dead man to life when he touched them? What in the aprons and kerchief brought from the sick to the apostle? etc. And, lastly, in a purely-natural sense, what was it that gave Cromwell the overawing power to go into the House of Commons, stamp his foot, and drive the whole house out?

C.

ANSWER TO THEOLOGICAL QUERIES.—*First Query.*—"Do the Scriptures teach that Jesus Christ is God?" Yes.

1. Because they ascribe to him the names of God. See Is. ix, 6; Matt. i, 23; Rom. ix, 5, etc.

2. Because they ascribe to him the attributes of God. Eternity—Is. ix, 6; Prov. viii, 23; John i, 1. Omnipresence—Matt. xviii, 20; John iii, 13. Omniscience—Matt. ix, 4; Mark ii, 8. So also of omnipotence, wisdom, holiness, justice, etc.

3. Because they also ascribe the works of God to Christ. Creation—John i, 3, 10; Col. i, 16. Inspiration—1 Peter i, 11. Resurrection—John v, 2, etc. With this array of evidence who can doubt the divinity of Jesus Christ?

Second Query.—"Is it possible for God, an infinite being, to suffer, as the Scriptures declare Christ did?"

In answering this we must observe that the Scriptures teach that Jesus was man as well as God—human as well as divine. He is eighty times called the Son of man. "He was made flesh;" "made of a woman." As a man he "increased in wisdom and stature." He was very man and very God, in two distinct natures, and yet one person forever. As a man he hungered, but as a God he created bread. As a weary man he slept on the vessel in the storm, but as a God he arose and stilled the tempest. As a man he wept at the grave of Lazarus, but as a God he cried out, "Lazarus, come forth!" If we consider Christ in this twofold nature we shall be able to make many things plain which otherwise are mysterious. For since these two distinct natures make but one Lord Jesus Christ, there is a sense in which we may predicate of the person of Christ, what may not be predicated of more than one nature of Christ; hence when he is said to eat, drink, sleep, grow, suffer, shed blood, and die, we are not to understand that the divine nature did either the one or the other. So when we read that the Savior pardoned sin, received divine worship, or raised the dead, we may not say that the human nature did these, but the divine. So that we do not consider it "possi-

ble or necessary for an infinite being to suffer as the Scriptures declare Christ did." And these considerations throw light upon the

Third Query.—"If both the foregoing queries can be positively answered in the affirmative, then what are we to conclude in relation to the character of God? How is it possible for a being infinitely wise, holy, and perfect to suffer?" This being answered above we pass to the

Fourth Query.—"And if the Scriptures teach that Christ is God, and it is true that God can not suffer, or that Christ is not God, then was an infinite sacrifice offered to atone for the transgression of an infinite law?"

1. The Scriptures do teach that Christ is God.
2. But they teach also as explicitly that Christ is man.

3. It is evident that suffering, which implies imperfection, can not be predicated of God, or of the divinity of Christ, but it may be predicated of the human nature of Jesus.

4. Then was there an infinite sacrifice to atone for the transgression of an infinite law? If it is meant to ask by this, "Did Christ—by the oblation of himself once offered—make a full, perfect, and sufficient satisfaction to Divine justice for the sins of the whole world?" We answer, yes. "For he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." In the voluntary offering of Christ, the God-man, to suffer for our sins "the just for the unjust," there is afforded such a perfect atonement for the transgression of God's law, that God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. The death of Christ answers the same end in magnifying the law and maintaining the ends of divine government in the eyes of all the intelligent agencies of the universe, as would the positive infliction of the penalty upon the actual transgressor. Hence God can maintain his holiness and fully show his hatred to sin, and yet pardon the penitent believer. He can forgive the sinner and not encourage the sin. E. D.

A HIT AT THE D. D.'S.—Luther, in his Colloquies, speaking of Carolastad, affirms that he was promoted to be doctor of divinity eight years before he had read any of the Bible, and that he afterward, conferring the degree of D. D. on one at Wittemburg, made this admirably-candid speech: "Here I stand and do promote this man; and I know I do not rightly therein, and that thereby I do commit a mortal sin; but I do it for the gain of two guilders, which I get by him." Many a D. D., dubbed at St. Andrews, notorious for granting its honors for pay without regard to merit, might be made doctor with nearly the same words if the grantors of diplomas were but honest enough to speak out like Carolastad.

A CURIOUS SIGN.—A correspondent writes to the Agriculturalist: "In Yreka, the county town of Siskiyou county—one of the northern counties of California, and on the Oregon line—the following sign hangs with glaring letters in front of a baker's establishment; namely, 'S. Gillig's Yreka Bakery.' At first sight this presents nothing remarkable, but upon examination it will be seen that the letters, if read backward, form exactly the same sign. Such a coincidence is extremely rare."

Scribner for Children.

DRAINING THE RESERVOIR.

BY MRS. E. MCNAUGHEY.

"AUNT ALICE has dropped her diamond ring into the reservoir," said Emily Ewing to her sister. "It grieves her terribly, and she is so weak from her long illness. Her poor, white hands are so thin now it just slipped off her finger as she was gathering some mosses on the bank. It was a present from her husband, and she has never taken it off since he died. Father says he will have the reservoir drained to-morrow, and thoroughly cleared out. It has not been done these fifteen years."

"O, how glad I am," said Fanny. "I wonder what we shall find, Ned. You know I lost my fruit-knife in it ever so long ago, and Robert never could find it, though he searched ever so long."

"And you remember when the 'Albatross' capsized, that day I had your china baby aboard for a passenger; well, I had my knife and silver pencil in for freight, though I never told any body about it before. I knew you would all laugh at me. Won't we have fun searching for things when the bottom is all dry?"

The little pond was a lovely, shady spot, with tall trees drooping over its quiet waters. Every little twig and leaflet were reflected on its silver mirror, and the far blue sky, which looked so deep down in its center. There was a smooth, gravelly slope on its eastern edge, where the children could safely play with their little fleets of tiny boats. But on either hand were steeper banks, and the water was quite deep in the northern side. It was a little natural basin which art had improved, and its only outlet was a shallow brooklet fed by springs along its banks, which rambled off over pebbles and mossy ledges, through a little glen in the grove of maples.

As soon as the busy workmen could complete the task, a new outlet was cut deep enough to drain the pond. The water was directed into a new channel, and thus suffered to flow down the hill-side into a thirsty meadow, which drank it up gratefully. And so the bottom of the basin was left bare, with its years of accumulated sand and earth. First of all, search was made carefully for the diamond ring. Aunt Alice's position was carefully examined when she lost it, and Mr. Ewing would permit no one but himself to go to the spot. Sure enough there it was, all bright and shining, caught on a little stick, which prevented its sinking into the mud and out of sight. O, what rejoicing there was over that lost treasure! Aunt Alice sat down and cried, she was so glad. It never seemed half so precious to her before.

We often value things most when we have lost, or are about to lose, them. I know some daughters who never valued their mother's love much till they had lost her. Whenever you are tempted to set light by her counsels, think whether the reflection will give you pain or peace as you stand by your mother's coffin.

The children were permitted to put on their over-

shoes and travel about in the bottom of the pond to their heart's content.

"Here is your baby, Fanny," shouted Ned. "She looks as bright as a sixpence, but she will need a new dress. This one is out of fashion, I guess. Now for my knife and pencil," and he began searching about in the sand and mud with a little rake. Both came to light at last, but the knife was quite the worse for its long bath. Still, Ned was more delighted to find it than he would have been with the finest new one in the world. The whole bed of the basin was thoroughly examined and cleansed, and wonderful indeed were the discoveries that were made. Many long-lost articles came to light, which no one knew what had become of. Probably little hands and careless servants had dropped them in and then said nothing about the matter. Every new discovery gave the children fresh delight, and it was a day to be always remembered—the time when they walked around on the bottom of the reservoir and hunted for treasures. The large play-room filled with costly toys was no attraction that day.

"Well, if there is n't that silver cup of yours, Emma," said Mrs. Ewing. "I always supposed it was stolen, and have all along suspected Annie Gray of taking it. I am really glad it has been found. But how could it have come here? I see there is a dent in the side. Perhaps it was injured and thrown in here to hide the fact. And here are the pieces of that vase I valued so highly, and which disappeared quite as mysteriously."

There were bent forks and broken spoons, and every thing which a household of servants desired to hide away securely, seemed to have been thrown in here.

"Is n't it shameful!" said Mrs. Ewing aside to her sister. "I must certainly look after the servants more carefully in future. I wonder I never thought of searching the reservoir for missing property before, after all the trouble we have had with servants too. I should not wonder if one had thrown things in here to cast suspicion on the honesty of another. They thought, rightly enough, that this would tell no tales."

When the Spring-time came around again it found the Ewing family in widely different circumstances. "The wheel of fortune keeps constantly turning over and over, and they who are on the top to-day may be underneath to-morrow." So it proved with this household, who had never experienced a privation which money could remove. They were forced to leave their beautiful country home—its handsome grounds, its velvet meadows, and, above all, the reservoir where they had spent so many happy hours under the maples. Their new home was a small dwelling a little distance from the city, and they could take but one maid-of-all-work with them, instead of the five domestics to which they had been accustomed. The prospect looked gloomy enough, and the children cried themselves nearly sick, except baby, who seemed in better spirits than ever. Now came the trial-time for Emily. Her poor mother was so depressed and heart-broken on her

children's account, that she could scarcely sit up, so the great burden of care fell upon her shoulders. She had been brought up in ease and luxury, and would she be equal to this emergency? Most nobly did she respond to the call which necessity forced upon her. She loved deeply, tenderly, and unselfishly the dear ones around her, and *Heart-power* is the great force that moves the world. The "great hearts" are the people who accomplish great things in the world. Emily was up with the dawn in her new home, arranging in the most tasteful manner the few articles of furniture they had retained, sweeping and dusting, and preparing a part of the breakfast with her own hands, taking care to have on the table some favorite dish of her father's. She had installed Fanny as nurse for little Ernest, and he found her much more after his baby heart than the old nurse. She never gave him an ugly slap when no one was by, for she loved her little brother dearly, and never knew how cunning and sweet his little ways were before. If he cried Emma or mother was always ready to take him off her hands. Ned could find amusement any where, so there was no fear for him. He went to a good school every day, and found himself rather below the class of boys he was put in with, he had played so much and studied so little with his private tutor. Now he found he must exert himself with all his might or go into a class of smaller boys. He had energy enough if it was only rightly directed; and with Emily's help and encouragement he soon took a fair stand with the other boys.

Mother's health improved in the cheerful atmosphere which her daughter's loving spirit diffused through the house, and soon she was able to take a mother's place in the household. Mr. Ewing worked hard in an office in the city all day, and Emma schooled all the children to make home as delightful for him as possible when he returned in the evening. Soon the clouds began to clear a little from his brow, and he never failed to offer earnest thanksgivings, morning and evening, at the family altar for the many blessings still continued to him. Their little parlor was always as bright as the lamp-light and pleasant faces could make it; and there was an air of cheerfulness about their every-day life which they had often failed to enjoy in their more prosperous days. After a time Emily obtained a class of young ladies, which gradually widened into a young ladies' school, to whom she imparted the various acquirements and accomplishments in which she had been quite a proficient. Her lovely manners and truly-loving disposition made her ever a very popular teacher. Indeed, it is one of the very chief qualifications, and not the most profound and accomplished scholarships can atone for a want of it. If you are preparing yourself for a teacher, my young friend, and hope to be an acceptable one, that people will seek often and consider a prize when secured, cultivate your manners and heart as well as your head. It is a letter of recommendation "known and read of all men," which can not possibly deceive.

"I can't help thinking," said Mr. Ewing one evening as they sat around the cheerful table, "of that day we drained off the reservoir. How many valuable things we found in the dry basin, besides Alice's diamond! And so, though our wealth has been drained off pretty dry, we have found a good many valuable

things in its place. What good health and cheerful spirits the children all have, and even mother's cheeks begin to look rosy once more! I am sure that is better than diamonds to us. Then Ned has at last taken a start and wishes to fit himself for college, a thing I had almost despaired of. I do n't believe Fanny has had two crying spells over her troubles this week. Let me see. How many did we allow you a day at the old home—six, or was it only five?" Fanny turned her head to one side and gave her father a laughing look of denial. "As to Emma we say nothing—all her works praise her. It took adversity to draw you out, my precious child. We should never have appreciated you, I am afraid, if we had always had fair weather."

"We see so much more of mother now than we used to," said Fanny, "that makes us all better. When company were coming and going all the time we never had her a whole day to ourselves hardly."

"It has drawn us nearer to God as well as to each other," said the father as he took down the family Bible for evening worship, "and that is the greatest blessing of all. That, after all, is the precious diamond which we have found in this exhausted reservoir; and now we have the treasure let us guard it closely, that we may never lose it again."

"WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?"—*Mother.* "What are you crying for, my child?"

Child. "I told Alice I knew my French History. She says I do n't know it, and I do know it."

Alice. "No, she do n't know it."

Mother. "How is that, my child?"

Alice. "She told me to open the book any where and ask her any question there was in the book, and she could answer it."

"Well?"

"She did n't answer it."

"Let us see, what did you ask her?"

"I opened the book any where, just as she said, and asked her the first question I found."

"And what was the question?"

"It was, *What happened next?*"

COSETTE.

ASKING GOD FOR A GOOD TEMPER.—Our Anna—now an angel—when nearly four years old, was one day building a "tower," as she called it, but the blocks would tumble down each time ere it was finished. At length becoming tired and discouraged, she began to scold the blocks. Her mother, taking her on her lap, said, "Mamma fears that her little daughter has displeased God, and she must ask him to take away the naughty temper." Kneeling in her mother's lap, with her head resting on her shoulder, she whispered audibly, "God, take away Anna's naughty temper and put a good temper in." Then, embracing and kissing her mamma, she recommenced her "tower," and had just succeeded in completing a "nice one" as her pa crossed the floor, jarring it so as to cause the pile to fall again. To our surprise and joy she turned to him a smiling face, saying, "Never mind, papa, Anna has been asking God for a good temper." H. A. M.

CAN A DOOR SPEAK?—"Mamma," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

Holiday Gleanings.

THE SEPARATION OF THE RICH FROM THE POOR IN OUR CHURCHES.—This is not unfrequently a subject of invidious or spleenetic remarks. The very spirit in which the evil is rebuked renders the rebuke powerless. But here is a presentation of the subject from the eloquent pen of Dr. Olin, which ought to reach the Christian conscience:

No where else, I believe, but in the United States—certainly no where to the same extent—does this anti-Christian separation of classes prevail in the Christian Church. The beggar in his tattered vestments walks the splendid courts of St. Peter's and kneels at its costly altars by the side of dukes and cardinals. The peasant in his wooden shoes is welcomed in the gorgeous churches of Notre Dame and the Madeleine; and even in England, where political and social distinctions are more rigorously enforced than in any other country on earth, the lord and the peasant, the richest and the poorest, are usually occupants of the same church and partakers of the same communion. That the reverse of all this is true in many parts of this country every observing man knows full well. There are religious congregations composed so exclusively of the wealthy as scarcely to embrace an indigent family or individual, and the number of such Churches, where the Gospel is never preached to the poor, is constantly increasing. Rich men, instead of associating themselves with their more humble fellow-Christians, where their money, and their influence, and counsels are so much needed, usually combine to erect magnificent churches, in which sittings are too expensive for any but people of fortune, and from which the poor are as effectually excluded as if there were dishonor or contagion in their presence. A congregation is thus constituted, able, without the slightest inconvenience, to bear the pecuniary burdens of twenty Churches, monopolizing and consigning to comparative inactivity intellectual, moral, and material resources, for want of which so many other congregations are doomed to struggle with the most embarrassing difficulties. Can it for a moment be thought that such a state of things is desirable, or in harmony with the spirit and design of the Gospel?

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.—A friendly hand has culled the following flower from that luxuriant pasture, D'Aubigne's Reformation:

As Luther drew near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his judges—the Dict of Worms—he met a valiant knight, the celebrated George of Freundsberg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then charging to the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the King of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head blanched in many battles, said kindly, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee." A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," were the words of a King.

THE KNELL OF TIME.—The following strikes us as being one of the most beautiful passages in the whole compass of English literature:

Heard you that knell? It was the knell of Time!
And is Time dead? I thought Time never died.

I knew him old, 't is true, and full of years;
And he was bald except in front—but he
Was strong as Hercules. I saw him grasp
The oak—it fell; the tower—it crumbled; the stone,
The sculptured monument, that mark the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased their pompous strain
As Time came by. Yes, Time was very strong;
And I had thought too strong for death to grapple.
But I remember now his step was light.
And though he moved at rapid rate, or trod
On adamant, his tread was never heard.
And there was something ghostly in the thought,
That in the silence of the midnight hour
He trod my chamber, and I heard him not.
And I have held my breath, and listen'd close
To catch one footfall as he glided by;
But naught awoke the echo slumbering there.
And the thought struck me then, that one whose step
Was so much like a spirit's tread, whose acts
Were all so noiseless, like the world unseen,
Would soon be fit for other worlds than this—
Fit for high converse with immortal minds,
Unfetter'd by the flesh, unchained to earth.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH AND THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY—FACILITY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The power to illustrate is one of the most important elements in the teacher. It gives life, reality, to his teachings, whatever may be the department. Charlotte Elizabeth gives a beautiful example of this in her attempts to educate a deaf and dumb boy:

He seemed full of grave but restless thought, and then approaching me, pointed toward the sun, and by a movement of the hands as if kneading something, asked me whether I made it. I shook my head. Did my mother? No. Did Mr. Roe, or Mr. Shaw—the two Protestant clergymen—or the priest? He had a sign to express each of these. No. Then, "What? what?" with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience. I pointed upward, with a look of reverential solemnity, and spelled the word "God." He seemed struck, and asked no more at that time; but the next day he overwhelmed me with whats, and seemed determined to know more about it. I told him as well as I could that he of whom I spoke was great, powerful, and kind, and that he was always looking at us. He smiled, and informed me he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it, but the moon he thought was like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the table. As for the stars they were cut out with a large pair of scissors and stuck into the sky with the end of the thumb.

Next day he came to me in great wrath, intimating that my tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual mode of accusation where a lie had been told. So I looked innocent, and said, "What?" He reminded me of yesterday's conversation, telling me he had looked every-where for God; he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church-yard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle, walked past the barrack-yard, and got up in the night to look out at the window. All in vain, he could not find God. *He saw nobody big enough to put his hand up and stick the stars into the sky.* I was "bad," my tongue must be pulled out, for there was "God, no." And he repeated God—no! so often that it went to my heart.

I sat silent on the opposite side of the fire, and a plan having struck me I looked at Jack, shrugged my shoulders, and seemed convicted of deception. He shook his head at me,

frowned, and appeared very much offended at my delinquency. Presently I seized a small pair of bellows, and after puffing at the fire for a while, suddenly directed a rough blast at his little red hand, which hung very near it. He snatched it back, scowled at me, and when again I repeated the operation, expressed great displeasure, shivering, and letting me know he did not like it.

I renewed the puff, saying, "What?" and looking most unconscious of having done any thing. He blew hard, and repeated that it made his hands cold, that I was very bad and he was very angry. I puffed in all directions, looked very eagerly at the pipe of the bellows, peering on every side, and then, explaining that I could see nothing, imitated his man-

ner, saying, "Wind—no!" shaking my head at him, and telling him his tongue must come out, mimicking his looks of rebuke and offended virtue. He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul, shone in his strangely-altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, "God like wind! God like wind!" He had no word for "like," it was signified by holding the two forefingers out, side by side, as a symbol or perfect resemblance.

Here was a step, a glorious step, out of absolute atheism into a perfect recognition of the invisible God. An idea, to call it nothing more, new, grand, and absorbing, took possession of his mind.

Library, Scientific, and Statistical Farms.

THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY.—This cemetery adjoins the Gettysburg cemetery, and commands a fine view of the town, battle-field, and surrounding country. It was on this ground that the most severe fighting of the second and third days took place. The lot was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, each State represented in the battle having a lot proportioned to it in size to the number of bodies to be interred. New York having the largest number has the largest. The number of whom no clew could be obtained as to name, regiment, etc., being greater than any State, two lots have been appropriated to their reception, and classed as "Unknown." The bodies are placed in rows, with heads toward the center and feet toward the battle-field, each body occupying a space of two feet. At the head of each grave a stone wall is built, extending from the bottom of the trench to the surface of the ground. On this wall it is proposed to place a high curb-stone, capped with white marble, and on this have each man's name, company, and regiment to which he belonged placed opposite his grave, making a continuous curb along the graves. The ground plan of the cemetery is a semicircle, along the outer edge of which are the lots set apart for soldiers from Maine, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, and those unknown. An inner semicircle is allotted to the graves of those soldiers from Maryland, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Jersey, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, Virginia, and Illinois.

MONASTERIES AS NURSERIES FOR REVOLUTION.—Monasteries have lately been put to a novel use in Poland. They have long been suspected of containing the secret printing establishments of the revolutionists, and, as a result, domiciliary visits have been ordered by the authorities. In and around Warsaw all the convents have been occupied by military forces, and several churches have been surrounded by troops. The inquiries and visits of the police are said to have had already other results than that of silencing the revolutionary press. Not only stores of arms, but also laboratories, have been discovered. The monasteries so abound in obscure hiding-places, difficult of access, that they afford excellent opportunities for secret conferences and the like, and a long time may

elapse before the inquiries now instituted will be terminated. The secret subterranean passages of one of the Warsaw monasteries reach beyond the city limits a distance of half a German mile, where they connect with a Catholic church-yard, in which recently a little child by chance pointed out a tomb where a secret correspondence office, with many important documents, has been discovered. By these passages, it is now believed, the insurgents have secretly entered and quitted the city at will; and it is believed that, under these circumstances, the occupation of monastery churches and the buildings attached will in no small degree tend to the suppression of the insurrection.

THE FUEL QUESTION—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN MINNESOTA.—The fuel question has been solved most happily in Minnesota near the city of St. Paul by the discovery of vast beds of peat, which are sufficient to supply the city for centuries. As to its economy, judging from what has been gathered, it is thought that it can be cut, dried, and delivered in St. Paul at \$2.50 to \$3 per cord, and afford a remunerative profit. Oak wood sells in that city now for \$7 per cord, costing another dollar to be cut for use. Peat gives a strong and steady heat, equal in all respects to oak wood, and in burning will go far. There are millions of acres of this peat in that section of the country, and in a year it will become a branch of industry affording employment of a much higher nature than coal-mining for large numbers of people. The beds extend through Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, in the Red River Valley, and probably away up in the British colonies.

INCLEMENT SUNDAYS.—From a meteorological journal, for ten years past, kept at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, the following facts have been ascertained: 1. That nearly one-fourth of the Sundays are stormy. 2. Nearly one-sixth are exceedingly cold or hot. 3. Considerably more than one-third are, from all causes, inclement. Those individuals or families that excuse themselves from the house of God because of unpleasant weather—and they are not few—lose the benefit of public worship nearly half the year.

FRENCH STATISTICS.—According to the report of M. Legoyt, Director of Administrative Statistics in

France, out of 51,000 marriageable men living in cities of more than 2,000 inhabitants—except Paris—16,000 were unable to sign the marriage contract. Out of 39,000 women, 27,000 had to decline their signatures. In villages the proportion is still worse. Out of 104,000 men 69,000 were unable to sign, and of the same number of women, 5,000 in all were initiated into the mysteries of writing.

DICTIONARIES IN ENGLAND.—There are at the room of the Agent for Webster's Dictionaries, at Mason & Hamlin's, 274 Washington-street, Boston, specimen copies of six different editions of Webster's Dictionary, published in England, and also specimens of "Noah Webster's British and American Spelling-Book" and "The Illustrated Webster Reader," also from the English press. No person can examine these volumes without realizing how very great a popularity the name of Noah Webster has attained in Great Britain.

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.—The emancipation of the serfs in Russia is no "sham," but a great and noble reality, carried through with a caution and courage that do equal honor to the head and heart of the Emperor. It is scarcely possible to measure the grandeur of this peaceful revolution by which nearly forty million of people are raised from a condition closely akin to slavery to the level of free men of other civilized States. This great act is consummated with comparatively little suffering and large prospects of future advantages to the nobles and proprietors of land, save only those whose estates should come under an incumbered estate act. The emancipated serfs are already displaying a degree of intelligence and industry that surprises their former owners, establishing schools, laying out hoarded money on lands and tenements, and in many other respects showing great intelligence and sagacity.

ANTIQUITY OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—These societies are not, as is generally believed, modern institutions. In 1517 Sigismund de Dietrichsen established one under the auspices of St. Christopher; a similar association was formed in 1600 by Maurice, Duke of Hesse, which, however, allowed a knight to drink seven *bocaux*, or glasses, at each meal, but only twice in the day. The size of these *bocaux* is not recorded, but no doubt it was an endeavor to obtain a comparative condition of sobriety. Another temperance society, under the name of the Golden Ring, was instituted by Frederic, 5th Count Palatine.

ACCLIMATIZATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The third annual report of the Acclimatization Society of Great Britain, Ireland, and the colonies, has recently been published. It contains details as to experiments made in the acclimatization in Britain of the following animals and vegetables of other lands: Chinese sheep, various kinds of foreign deer, prairie grouse, Honduras turkey, Virginia quails, Japanese poultry, trumpeter birds from Central America, several kinds of fish, a kind of silk-worm, the Chinese yam, Brazilian arrow-root, and American bunch-grass. On the whole, the year's experiments are announced as successful.

THREE IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL FACTS.—We learn from Sir Roderick Murchison's address at the anniversary meeting of the Geological Society, that Sir Roderick believes, first, that the eastern shores of Great

Britain, where Cæsar landed, have not changed their relation to the sea level since that period. Secondly, that it is proved, from finding remains and bones of the same species of extinct mammalia in the gravel of Britain and the Continent, that at a comparatively recent period our islands were united with France. Thirdly, we know from the skeletons of the great Irish elk, which are found in the bottom of the bogs in Ireland, and the Isle of Man, and in Cheshire, that when that creature lived these three islands must have been united.

GREAT BENEFITS OF LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.—By the aid of improved machinery one man can now spin four hundred times more cotton yarn than the best cotton-spinner could in 1769, when Arkwright took out his first patent. In grinding grain and making flour one man can now do one hundred and fifty times more work than he could a century ago. One woman can now manufacture as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago. It now requires as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago. Only forty minutes are now required to fix an amalgam of mercury and tin on a large looking-glass, which once occupied six weeks. The engines of a first-class iron frigate perform as much work in twenty-four hours as 42,000 horses.

FACTS ABOUT RAILROAD SPEED.—A railroad car moves about seventy-four feet, or nearly twice its own length, in a second. At this velocity the locomotive driving-wheel, six feet in diameter, makes four revolutions in a second, the piston-rod thus traversing the cylinder eight times. If a horse and carriage should approach and cross a track at the rate of six miles an hour, an express train approaching at the moment would move toward it two hundred and fifty-seven feet while it was in the act of crossing; if the horse moved no faster than a walk, the train would move toward it more than five hundred feet, which fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. When the locomotive whistle is opened at the post eighty rods from the crossing, the train will advance nearly one hundred feet before the sound of the whistle traverses to and is heard at the crossing.

COTTON AND OTHER FABRICS.—During the last two years cotton has more than lost what it gained fifteen or twenty years ago. Linen and woolen goods are now used for nearly all the purposes for which cotton had superseded them. Linens are again in demand for body linens and sheetings. Flax sail-cloth is displacing our cotton ducks. Coarse jute goods are taking the place of cotton Osnaburgs for grain bags. Flannel shirtings have, to a large extent, displaced the ordinary bleached cotton shirtings. Consumers of woolens now find shoddy in the class of goods where cotton was formerly used. This substitution of other raw material for cotton, and of other fabrics for cotton goods, has proceeded to a much greater extent than is generally supposed, and has on the one hand produced an enlarged demand for wool and flax, and on the other reduced the consumption of cotton. It might have been expected that this change would produce a very material advance in the price of wool and flax, and at the same time reduce the value of cotton; but very singularly these effects have by no means followed.

Literary Notes.

(1.) **LIFE AND TIMES OF NATHAN BANGS.** *By Abel Stevens, LL. D.* 12mo. 426 pp. \$1.25. *New York: Carlton & Porter.*—We have read this volume with unusual interest. It is written in a sprightly style, rendered more attractive by the genuine sympathy of the author with his subject. Dr. Bangs's life and labors are blended largely with the history of the great enterprises of the Church. There are two or three points in which the work is open to criticism. The relation of Dr. Bangs to "the abolition controversy" was very different from that of Bishop Hedding, to be convinced of which one need only compare Bishop Hedding's course as recorded in impartial history with the editorials of Dr. Bangs during that period. Again, the reflections upon the personalities indulged in by Dr. Bond as editor may be all just. We are no apologist for those personalities. But unfortunately Dr. Bond was not the first editor of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* who allowed his personal antipathies to manifest themselves in his editorials. Still again, in the matter of Dr. Bangs's controversy with Bishop Emory, or, more properly speaking, his controversy with the bishops over the course of study in 1832, the author of the "Life and Times of Hedding" gave simply facts, which are now susceptible of proof from the old files of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal*, and from original private correspondence between Bishops Hedding and Emory still in his possession. But as the facts set forth in the *Life of Hedding* are not questioned, the subject is scarcely worthy of notice. Indeed, these and some other minor items may as well be passed over, to be kindly folded under the dusky wing of forgetfulness, while the real excellences of the book and of the character it portrays are treasured in the memory, working out the results for which the work was written, and for which its subject lived.

(2.) **THE GENERAL MINUTES** have come to us late, but we welcome them to our sanctum. They make an 8vo pamphlet of 260 pages, neatly printed and filled with a very full record of Church statistics for the year 1863. In addition to the ordinary statistics, there is appended an alphabetical list of all the traveling ministers. We have already given the results in regard to the membership from an advance slip. The total number of traveling ministers is 6,788. A noble host! Of these about 200 are in the service of their God and their country as chaplains. Thank God that the fire of patriotism is burning in the very heart of the Church! There are employed as presidents, principals, professors, agents of various kinds, chaplains and instructors in prisons, book agents, and editors, and missionary secretaries, about 200 more. These latter, and indeed not all of these, are the only ones who can be strictly said to be abstracted from the pastoral work. When we consider this vast and essential machinery—*adjunct* machinery of the Church—and its proportionate agency in her great operations, it rather surprised us to find that it withdrew from the regular

pastoral work only 200 men out of 6,788. It is possible that the number might be reduced; perhaps it ought to be, but never at the expense of these great interests of the Church. Our space will not allow us to comment on other points we had noted. Every well-read Methodist family ought to have a copy of the General Minutes.

(3.) **CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA,** *Parts 66, 67.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 20 cents each Part.

—(4.) **KNAPP'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.** 12mo. 502 pp. \$1.50. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—The author of this work neither claims nor attempts any "new method," but seeks simply to present a clear statement of the laws and usages of the French language. From a hasty examination of the work, we judge it worthy of commendation.

(5.) **PALMONI, OR THE NUMERALS OF THE SCRIP-**
TURE.—*By M. Mahan, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary.* 12mo. 176 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—Some very curious results are obtained in this volume, and the whole discussion will be suggestive to the plodder among Hebrew numerals.

(6.) **CLASS-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY.** *By Edward L. Youmans, D. D.* 12mo. 460 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—This is a new and improved edition of one of our best text-books in the science of chemistry.

(7.) **THIRTY POEMS.** *By W. C. Bryant.* 12mo. 222 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—With the exception of five or six of these poems, whose faces are familiar to us, these are evidently later compositions of Mr. Bryant. They exhibit the well-known characteristics of his poetry.

(8.) **PELAYO: AN EPIC OF THE OLDEN MOORISH TIME.** *By Elizabeth T. Porter Beach.* 12mo. 424 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This is a bold effort at the epic. With what success the effort has been made we must defer judgment till we have had time for fuller examination. In typography, paper, etc., the work is a perfect model.

(9.) **HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.** *By Charles Merivale, B. D.* 2 vols. 8vo. 439, 428 pp. \$2 per vol. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—This is a republication from the fourth London edition of a popular contribution to the department of history. It is written in a flowing, graceful style, and yet sufficiently compact for its purposes. The American edition of the work will not suffer by a comparison of it with the English.

(10.) **ROUNABOUT PAPERS.** *By W. M. Thackeray.* 12mo. 292 pp. \$1. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This may be a very

interesting volume—very amusing. We certainly commend a title—"Roundabout Papers"—so fitting to the genius of the author. But we have thus far read only the title-page.

(11.) *JOTTINGS FROM LIFE; or, Passages from the Diary of an Itinerant's Wife.* By Helen R. Culler. 16mo. *Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.*

(12.) *EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.* By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo. *Poe & Hitchcock.*—These two volumes, though similar in character, are quite distinct in execution. The former, as the title intimates, consists of detached thoughts grouped in regular order but not forming a continuous narrative. The latter is, with a little disguise, a transcript from actual life, and contains the experience of four or five

successive years in the pastoral life. A portion of these "extracts" were published in the Repository, and were deservedly popular. Both volumes are wholesome, suggestive, and self-quicken reading, and merit a wide circulation. Our people ought to have them, and both the ministry and laity will profit by their perusal.

(13.) *MINUTES OF CONFERENCES.*—1. *Indiana Conference*—Bishop Morris, President; John Laverty, Secretary. 2. *Southern Illinois*—Bishop Baker, President; J. W. Caldwell, Secretary. 3. *Rock River*—Bishop Scott, President; E. Q. Fuller, Secretary.

(14.) *PAMPHLETS.*—1. *Thanksgiving Sermon*—Union and no Confederacy; by E. Wentworth, D. D. 2. *Catalogue of M'Kendree College, 1863-4*—Rev. R. Allyn, President, with 7 professors. Students, 197.

Editor's Table.

ENGRAVINGS AND DELAYS.—We had a mortifying delay of our January number, occasioned by the failure of our engravers to come up to time. The engravings when received were all we could wish. The misfortune was as unexpected as it was uncontrollable by either the publishers or the editor. We trust we have sufficiently guarded against its recurrence, especially after the present number.

So large a number of the best engravers have been drawn away into Government work that we have found it exceedingly difficult to meet properly the demands of this department of our magazine. We supposed our arrangements for the current year were perfected, so that we should be entirely free from difficulty. And now, we trust, though we have experienced a little interruption in them, there will be no more. Yet, even if there should be a hitch now and then, compelling us to put in a plate not quite up to our standard, our readers, we are sure, will take it in all kindness, especially considering the magnificent engraving, *The Signers*, with which they were favored in our January number. The drawing and engraving of that cost us as much as the price of some three or four ordinary engravings. The reception of the January number by our friends has been all we could have wished.

PROGRESSING ONWARD.—Up to the date of this writing we are pleased to learn that subscriptions to the Repository at this point are in advance of last year nearly if not quite four thousand. If New York, Boston, and Chicago advance in the same ratio it will give us a large aggregate increase over last year. We are glad that Mars, though rampant through the land, has not blighted the love of home joys and of home culture in the hearts of our people.

The Western Christian Advocate also bids fair to equal its palmiest days, being, we judge, further in advance of last year than the Repository. Those sturdy blows struck by its able editor have told widely in their effects, and endeared both him and the paper still more to the great mass of its patrons. It is very largely sought for, especially by our soldiers in the

great armies of the West, where Methodism is so largely and so nobly represented.

But the Apologist bids fair to leave us all in the shade. Its progress from the beginning has been wonderful, but never more wonderful than in the last few years. So far as we know it is the only German religious paper in the West sent to our German soldiers, of whom there are tens of thousands in the field.

We have uttered these few congratulatory words that our readers may participate with us in the goodly prospect of so healthful an advance in our periodicals. We trust the periodicals at other points are sharing the same material success, but it is as yet too early for us to be in possession of the data.

THE HEART OF THE SOLDIER.—The Rev. James Irwin, in making an appeal for the circulation of the Northern Christian Advocate among the soldiers, tells the following incident which occurred while he was laboring in the army last Summer. It can not fail to touch the heart and stimulate the noble effort to supply the armies of the Union with our Advocates. The Western is leading off nobly in this respect. But to the incident: "In one instance I gave a copy to a soldier. On looking at it, he said, 'That was my pious mother's paper, she took it for several years. She died since I enlisted, and the sight of it brings her fresh to my memory. I will read it through, advertisements and all, for her sake,' and, folding it carefully up, the tears rolling down his cheeks, he started for his tent to commune with his dead mother's friend. My heart uttered a prayer that its teaching might heal his bleeding heart, and direct him to the cross of Calvary. I said to these noble men, 'God being my helper, if I live to reach home, I will lay this matter before the people, and I am sure it will afford them pleasure to send the Northern every week to cheer and encourage you, while you gallantly battle for the dear old flag.'"

T. H. UNDERWOOD, whose name has repeatedly appeared in the Repository in connection with our poetic

contributions, and who will especially be remembered as the author of that exquisite poem, "Hazel Valley," we regret to learn, died at Sacramento, California, August 6, 1863. He has left behind him a large number of unpublished poems and prose articles.

DR. DEMPSTER'S LECTURES AND MEMORIAL SERVICES.—It was our good fortune in a casual visit to our venerable friend some months since to secure from him the promise that he would make a collection of his lectures and addresses and place them in our hands for publication. Not long after a package containing the promised articles was received. But scarcely had they been arranged and put into the hands of the printer when the sad intelligence broke upon us that *John Dempster was dead*. It was all the more startling from the fact that it had never seemed to enter our thought that a man of such iron will and with such large, unfinished plans, in which he was still working with all the vigor of youth, could die.

Dr. Dempster is the patriarch of our institutions of Biblical learning. Though not favored himself with the advantages of a liberal education, he soon perceived the necessity of such education or the efficient prosecution of the ministry of the Church. The idea having been once conceived, nothing could swerve him from its consummation. To this work, in its preparation and development, the last fifteen years of his life have been most ardently devoted. The results are such as shall blend his name with the cause of ministerial education in the Methodist Church forever.

Away back thirty years ago we remember to have heard accounts of most thrilling scenes transpiring under the ministry of Dr. Dempster. In those times he rode around the large districts of Central and Northern New York like a flame of fire. Immense congregations attended his ministry. His preaching swayed the masses as the waving grain bends before the gale. Could those sermons have been caught as they fell from his lips, daguerreotyped with the living spirit with which they flowed from him, then might we have before us the living, breathing John Dempster in all the might of his early manhood.

The best substitute is that afforded by the volume now issuing from the press of the Western Book Concern. It contains his missionary addresses and his mature thoughts embraced in his lectures to his students. As the esteemed author passed away from earth to heaven, while the work was yet in the hands of the printer, we have added an appendix, containing the funeral discourse by the Rev. Dr. Eddy, and the memorial services subsequently had in the Clark-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago. This last feature of the work will be peculiarly acceptable to the friends of the deceased at this time.

WESTERN SANITARY FAIR—GREAT SUCCESS—SHAMEFUL CLOSE.—The series of Sanitary fairs inaugurated at Chicago, and prosecuted with so much success in other cities, culminated in the Great Western Sanitary Fair at Cincinnati in *one* of the largest, if not the largest, collections ever realized as the proceeds of the fair. The data have not been given up to this time indicating the exact result, but we suppose it will exceed \$200,000. These movements at home throughout the North must cheer the hearts of our

noble soldiers who are standing between us and the enemy.

But we regret to be compelled, as a faithful moral and Christian journalizer, to add things not so complimentary. The railing at the tables was a species of gambling, make the best out of it we can. We regret that any Christian people gave countenance to such things. The closing of the affair with a dance, under the direction of or by permission of the Executive Committee, was a direct insult to the Christian community and Christian Churches, to whom they had so strongly appealed, and who had contributed so largely to the success of the enterprise.

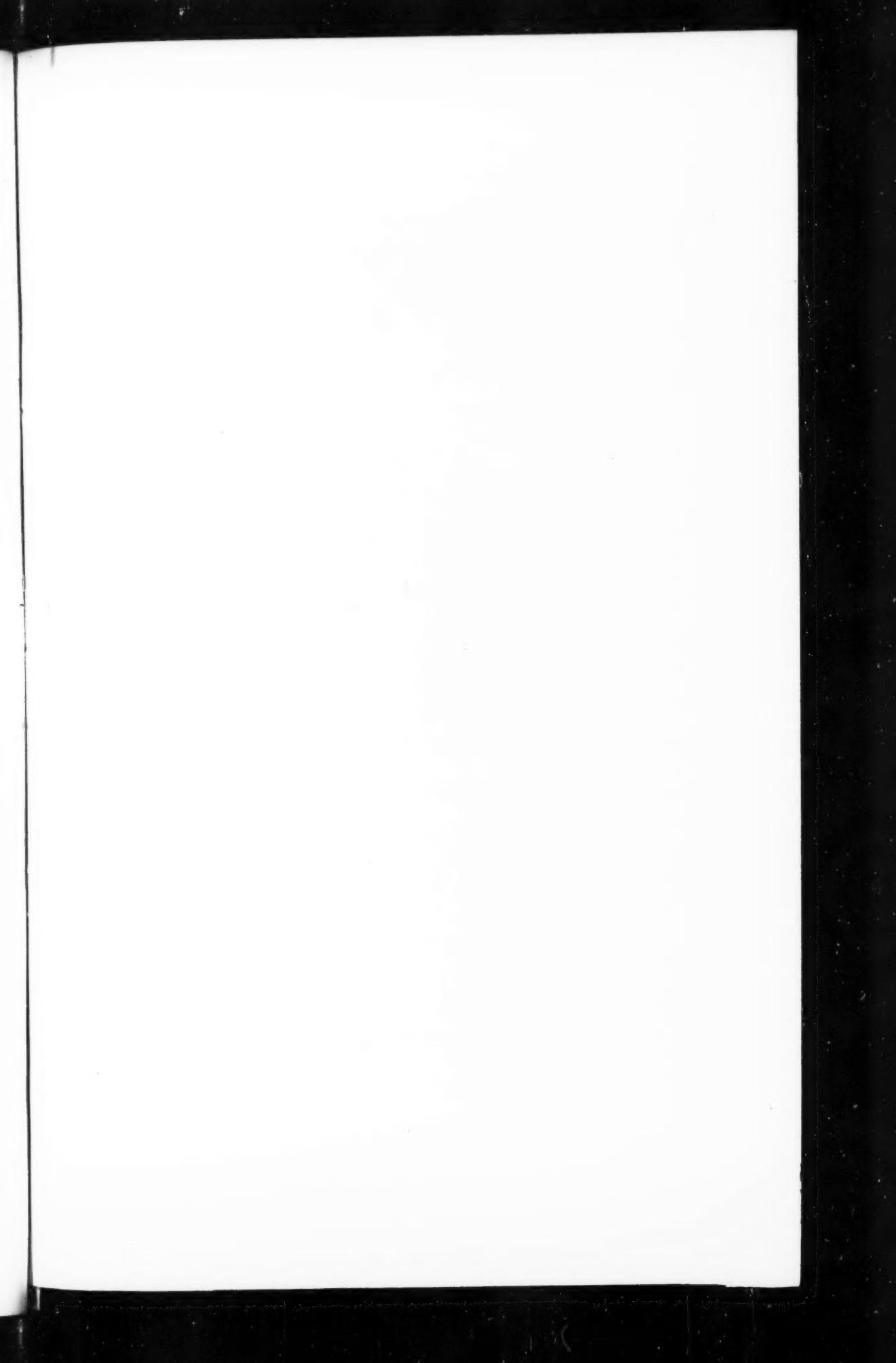
Against this shameful conclusion the clergymen of the city sent to the Committee an eloquent protest, which was written by Bishop M'Ilvaine. We quote from it a single passage: "The question comes from the feeling of the whole country whether this is a *time to dance*; whether, when this tremendous and awful war is taxing the energies of the country so painfully, carrying before and behind it such desolations, slaying so many thousands of our brethren, filling so many homes with sorrow, crowding so many hospitals with the sick and the mutilated, so that but for the deep consciousness of the duty of the contest the land could not endure the affliction—whether this great movement to express a tender sympathy with the suffering and to minister to their consolation—a movement made up so largely of the energies of our Churches—should be concluded by a public dance given by the Executive Committee?" The protest was unheeded, but the ball, thanks to the moral sense of the community, was essentially a failure.

REV. Z. CONNELL, D. D., one of the oldest preachers and ablest divines of the West—a member of the Ohio Conference—died on the 13th of December last, after a very brief illness. He was in the seventieth year of his age and the forty-sixth of his ministry.

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR TO OUR SIDEBOARD.—The following note first introduced to us one who seeks to enrich the minds and hearts of children by little contributions to our Sideboard. We think the judgment of our readers will be that one who writes such a note as this has the gift of writing in her. The Repository goes monthly into the hands of more than twenty thousand Sunday school teachers. We hope this note will prove the spark that shall ignite the slumbering genius in some of them:

I fancy you shudder as you begin the perusal of this epistle, and mutter ominously, "Here's somebody else possessed with the authorship mania, whose horrible 'maiden effort' is to be visited upon me." But, indeed, I am not possessed with the authorship mania. I am a young Sunday school teacher; I love my scholars, and am trying earnestly to lead them in the way of eternal life. They are all readers of your Sideboard for Children, and have repeatedly requested me to contribute something to its dainties. I have no pretensions to authorship or to literary talents, but if you think my little story is not too much of an intruder, capable of doing any good, and quite worthy of a place in your Sideboard, I humbly place it at your disposal. Sometimes, and I am almost ashamed of thinking it, I think I might become a writer; I am so thrilled with love for the beautiful and for all that is good and true on the earth. Then I shrink when I see the rare, bright beauty of other minds, and think God has given me a different path, and I must walk humbly, doing good all I can in my small way.

L. J. C.





1860-65 27 x 34 cm

Wet plate collodion negative
Ansel Adams

1860-65







Engr'd by Wellington.

MR. WILLIAM Pitt the Younger.

CHARLES DODGSON, M.A. (LITERARY ANTHOLOGY)